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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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Selections.

From the True American, (revived.) Lexington, Oct. 7.

OUR APPEAL.

They, who on the eighteenth day of August, 1845, rose in arms, overpowered the civil authorities, and established an irresponsible despotism upon the constitutional liberties of this Commonwealth, in justification of their conduct, "appeal to Kentucky and to the world." So be it. Let Kentucky and the world judge.

When the public peace is disturbed—when the laws are defied—when the Constitution is overthrown—and when by the avowal of murderous purposes, natural right, and Divine justice are impiously violated:—not the loss of property—not the individual wrong and suffering—not even the shedding of blood, are to be weighed a moment: but the *great principles of liberty only* are to be borne in mind, whilst individuals, however high or low, are to be forgotten. If it shall turn out that these principles were by me violated or endangered,—then was it right that my house should have been rudely entered by personal enemies; threatening me with the dread alternative of death or dishonor—then was it right that the sick chamber should not wake in the bosoms of the stern vindicators of the law, some feeling of pitying sympathy, or magnanimous forbearance—then was it right that my wife and children should for long days and nights suffer the terrors of impending ruin—then was it right that I should have my property confiscated—then was it right that I should be outlawed and exiled from the land of my birth, and the buried ashes of my own loved blood, and ever cherished friends. But if, on the other hand, they, and not I, have done this deed—then let me be restored to the confidence of my countrymen—to the security of the laws—to the inviolate sanctity of the home of my native land—and let them be consigned not to a felon's fate, which is their due by the Constitution and laws of Kentucky—but live out their days with the reflection that the most they can hope for in the future, is that their dishonored names will be swallowed up in the magnanimous forgetfulness of coming generations.

In the Spring of 1845, I, in connection with some other Kentuckians, made proposals to publish a paper, devoted to *free discussion, and gradual emancipation in Kentucky.* On the third day of June, of the same year, the True American was issued from the press: having about three hundred subscribers in this State; and about seventeen hundred in the other States. On the twelfth day of August, 1845, the last number of this paper was sent to about seven hundred subscribers in Kentucky, and about twenty-seven hundred in the other States of the Union.—These facts are verified by the books of the office, which friend or foe is at liberty to examine. That my readers in Kentucky should have run up in this short space of about two months, from three to seven hundred, in the face of all the violence and proscription of the enemies of emancipation, voluntarily, without any agencies, and without the distribution of circulars or papers on my part, is a most extraordinary circumstance. And when we reflect that about twenty persons read the paper of each subscriber, making fourteen thousand readers in Kentucky, it proves beyond all controversy that the principles and tone of my press, were taking a powerful hold upon the minds and affections of the people.

The Democratic papers were comparatively silent. The Whig press was largely in my favor. The Christian Intelligencer soon raised also the standard of emancipation. The people of Louisville had taken the initiatory step for starting a similar paper there. A Democratic print of the Green River section, the most pro-slavery part of the State, had copied an article from the True American, showing the ruinous competition of slave labor with that of the whites, and seemed ready to wage a common war. For the first time since the formation of the Constitution of the State, was a political party organized for the overthrow of Slavery in a legal way; and in the most populous city in the Commonwealth a candidate was announced ready to fight the battle upon the stump. A convention of the friends of emancipation was proposed to be held on the fourth day of July, 1846, and met the approval of many able and patriotic citizens. The principal movers in this cause were slaveholders, so also were a majority of the readers of the True American; and the great mass of laborers, who are not habitual readers of newspapers, began to hear—to consider—and to learn their rights, and were preparing to maintain them, so that all things moving steadily towards the same glorious end, proclaimed that KENTUCKY MUST BE FREE.

Previous to the issuing of the ninth number of the True American, I was taken sick with the typhoid fever. A few friends edited the paper till the eleventh number was in press, in which was a leading article written by a slaveholder, and the following editorial written by myself:—

"We are called once more to our hard and responsible task, from a bed of long and painful illness. The inquiry has been frequently made, we are told, whether we were living or dead, with hopes for the worst in the bosoms of some: we are proud to say that the man does not live, whom we would, if we could effect it by the mere exertion of the will, cause one moment's pain; far less compass in desire his death. 'To freemen, the disgrace attending our misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. 'Is Philip dead?' 'no, but in great danger.' How are you concerned in these rumors? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded.' It is the weakness and disease in the State, that has forced us into our present position: and if we should perish, the same causes would raise up many more and abler than we, to vindicate the same cause.

"We had hoped to see on this continent, the great axiom that man is capable of self-government, amply vindicated: we had no objections to the peaceable and honorable extension of empire over the whole continent, if equal freedom expanded with the bounds of the nation: gladly would we have seen untold millions of freemen, enjoying liberty of conscience and pursuit, of resting under their own vine and fig tree, with none to make them afraid, standing upon a sacred and inviolate Constitution at home, and just towards all nations—such was the vision of the immortal Washington, and such was ours. But we are told the enunciation of the great and soul-stirring principles of Revolutionary patriots was a lie—as a dog returns to his vomit, we are to go back to the foul and cast-off rags of European tyranny, to hide our nakedness: Slavery, the most unmitigated, the lowest, basest that the world has seen, is to be substituted forever for our better, more glorious, holier aspirations—the Constitution is torn and trampled under foot, justice and good faith in a nation are derided, brute force is substituted in the place of high moral tone: all the great principles of national liberty which we inherit from our British ancestry are yielded up—and we are left without God or hope in the world. When the great-hearted of our land weep, and the man of reflection maddens in the contemplation of our national apostacy: there are men pursuing gain and pleasure, who smile with contempt and indifference at their appeals. But remember, you who dwell in marble palaces—that there are strong arms and fiery hearts, and iron pikes in the streets, and panes of glass only between them and the silver plate on the board, and the smooth-skinned woman on the ottoman. When you have mocked at virtue, denied the agency of God in the affairs of men, and made rapine your honeyed faith: tremble! for the day of retribution is at hand—and the masses will be avenged."

After I had written this, a ride to the office caused a relapse. Whilst I lay prostrate with disease, it was told me, a few minutes before 3 o'clock, of the fourteenth day of August, that there was to be held at that hour, a meeting of the citizens at the Court-House, in Lexington, for the purpose of suppressing the True American. I immediately rose and dressed myself, and in opposition to the remonstrances of my family, and at the risk of my life from the exertion, I determined to confront my enemies face to face, and vindicate my cause at all hazards. At the Court-House I found about thirty individuals, including a few who came in after I left; their names were taken down by a couple of friends, and are now in my possession. All these men had grown from political opponents to personal enemies, because of my devotion to the Whig cause, except two, "A Whig," and "Junius," who were influenced no doubt by feelings of revenge on account of the castigation which I had given them in the first number of the True American, for their menace of the murderous infliction of Lynch law. After a silence of about half-an-hour, E. Q. Sayre said, he would speak out just the same as if I was not present; he was for suppressing the True American as libelous, by legal means. Henry Johnson, a cotton planter, and the brother of R. M. Johnson, said he understood this meeting was to have been equally composed of Whigs and Democrats, and for one he would take no action concerning this abolition press, unless the Whigs came up boldly, and shared the responsibility. Thos. F. Marshall, the apostate Whig, and late hybrid candidate for Congress, said he understood this to be a public meeting, and was here by an *invitation*: he held the True American in his hand, and would read what he conceived to be the cause of the public excitement. He then read the article written by me, and took his seat.

Up to this period, no Whig had made his appearance. D. M. Craig now made his entrance; he was a Whig, but the supposed author of "A Whig," as before stated. He was in a most lachrymose mood; avowed himself my personal friend, but at the same time his determination to use his musket against my life; he said this was a *private* meeting, and in this he was clamorously seconded by the whole mass.—During all this time I lay upon a bench, only at intervals being able to sit up. I said I was far from intruding myself upon any set of men; that I had understood this was a public meeting; I threw myself upon their magnanimity; I acknowledged I was in the midst of enemies, yet trusted I would be allowed to explain the article read by Mr. Marshall, which, from his few comments, I found was utterly misconceived, and tortured from its true meaning. I was promptly refused a hearing. Faint, and with lips parched, I turned to T. F. Marshall, as the most chivalric of my enemies—a man whom I had met but a few months before in this same Court-House, in the presence of an impartial audience of my countrymen, and driven to the walls, upon this same subject of the liberties of men—a man from whom I had extorted an open avowal, "that he had (putting his hand to his heart) *the most profound respect for the gentleman, and his opinions, and arguments, so new, and strong, as to demand his more deliberate consideration.*" Who coldly replied, "That he had no more power here than I, being a single individual." I then protested against his construction of my writings, and retired.

Exhausted by this effort, I returned once more to my bed. But feeling the necessity of meeting the vindictive machinations of my enemies, I dictated a handbill to the people, (No. 1,) which was taken down by my wife—explaining the offensive editorial and asking a suspension of public opinion and action, till my health would allow me to be heard.*

I had hardly got through with this when my chamber was entered by T. H. Waters, my personal enemy, with the following letter:—

Lexington, 14th Aug. 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq.—Sir: We, the undersigned, have been appointed as a Committee upon the part of a number of the respectable citizens of the city of Lexington, to correspond with you, under the following resolution:—

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to wait upon Cassius M. Clay, editor of the "True American," and request him to discontinue the publication of the paper called the "True American," as its further continuance, in our judgment, is dangerous to the peace of our community, and to the safety of our homes and families.

In pursuance of the above, we hereby request you to discontinue your paper, and would seek to impress upon you the importance of your acquiescence. Your paper is agitating and exciting our community to an extent of which you can scarcely be aware. We do not approach you in the form of a threat.—But we owe it to you to state, that, in our judgment, your own safety, as well as the repose and peace of the community, are involved in your answer. We await your reply, in the hope that your own good sense, and regard for the reasonable wishes of a community in which you have many connexions and friends, will induce you promptly to comply with our request. We are instructed to report your answer to a meeting to-morrow evening, at three o'clock, and will expect it by two o'clock, P. M. of to-morrow. Respectfully, &c.

B. W. DUDLEY,
THO. H. WATERS,
JOHN W. HUNT.

I now saw that the union of which H. Johnson had spoken, had been consummated, and that a portion of the Whig party, sure enough, were about to give me up as a sacrifice, to the malice of foes, made by venturing my life in their cause.† Being determined to die in the defence of my birthright, the freedom of the press, and the liberty of speech, I appended this short appeal to all true men and friends of law; and sent them to the press:

[No. III.]

KENTUCKIANS:—You see this attempt of these tyrants, worse than the *thirty despots*, who lorded it over the once free Athens, now to enslave you. Men who regard law—men who regard all their liberties as not to be sacrificed to a single pecuniary interest, to say the least, of doubtful value—lovers of justice—enemies of blood—laborers of all classes—you for whom I have sacrificed so much, where will you be found when the battle between Liberty and Slavery is to be fought? I cannot, I will not, I dare not question on which side you will be found. If you stand by me like men, our country shall yet be free, but if you falter now, I perish with less regret when I remember that the people of my native State of whom I have been so proud, and whom I have loved so much, are already slaves.

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, Aug. 15, 1845.

I immediately made preparations for the defence of my office, warned my chosen friends to be ready, to which they manfully assented—wrote my will—and next morning sent my camp bed to the office, as I was unable to sit up. I had thus made every preparation to meet these men of chivalry, who on Monday ventured to hurl defiance at a prostrate foe. They had demanded of me to give them an answer to discontinue my paper, or that after three o'clock on that day my "personal safety" was lost! Did they come up to their threats? Not they. They found I was still able to drag my feeble body to the place of attack, and rally around me many brave hearts.

With five hundred or more "unanimous" men in the Court-House on Friday, at three o'clock, they basely cowered, gave up all hope of a successful attack, put off the contest for three days, well knowing that before then, from the report of my physicians, I would be dead, or unable to head my friends. They abandon the *secret* conclave and appeal to the *public*. On Saturday, the inflammatory piece, "A Kentuckian," made its appearance, and on the same day they issued a long and lying handbill, signed by the Committee, to the "People of Lexington, and county of Fayette." Yet they send this with runners and private letters to the *adjoining counties*, calling in the printed bills, upon all the enemies of liberty, to rally to the "suppression of the True American," but writing on the backs of the same, "to Hell with Clay." Seeing that my handbills were relieving the public mind in this county and city, and giving way to their fears of being entirely thwarted in their murderous purposes, they issue another handbill, calling for help from the "adjoining counties," from the whole district where Marshall had but just finished a most bitter canvass, and where it was too well supposed that there would be many desperadoes ready for any deed. In their pamphlet, they say this last handbill was authorized by the meeting of Friday, which is false—the resolution as reported by them, confines their call to "the people of Fayette, and city of Lexington!"

Finding that the "*secret conclave of cowardly assassins*," had backed out from their purpose of making "my personal safety" "involved in my answer," and had appealed to a public, "constitutional" meeting, I told my friends to disarm the office, and leave it to the untrammeled decision of the citizens.

I then wrote my plan of Emancipation, addressed to the people, (No. 4,) from which I make the following extracts:—

[No. IV.]

"Although I regard Slavery as opposed to natural right, *I consider law and its inviolate observance, in all cases whatever, as the only safeguard of my own liberty, and the liberty of others.* I therefore have not, and will not give my sanction to any mode of freeing the slaves, which does not conform strictly to the laws and Constitution of my State. And as I am satisfied that there is no power, under the present Constitution, by which Slavery can be reached, I go for a Convention. In a Convention, which is politically omnipotent, I would say that every female slave born, after a certain day and year, should be free at the age of twenty-one. This, in the course of time, would gradually, and at last make our State truly free. I would further say, that, after the expiration of thirty years, more or less, the State should provide a fund, either from her own resources, or from her portion in the public land, for the purchase of the existing generation of slaves, in order that the white laboring portion of our community might be as soon as possible freed from the ruinous competition of slave labor. The fund should be applied after this manner: Commissioners should be appointed in each county, who shall on oath value all slaves that shall be voluntarily presented to them for that purpose. To the owners of these slaves shall be issued, by the proper authorities, scrip bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. to the amount of the value of their slaves, and to the redemption of said scrip this fund shall be applied, principal and interest. By this plan the present habits of our people would not be suddenly broken in upon, whilst, at the same time, we believe that it would bring Slavery to almost utter extinction in our State, within the next thirty years.

"With regard to the free blacks, I would not go for forcible expulsion, but I would encourage, by all the pecuniary resources that the State had to spare, a voluntary emigration to such countries and climates as nature seems particularly to have designed them.

"With regard to the political equality of the blacks with the whites, I should oppose in Convention their admission to the right of suffrage. As minors, women, foreigners, denizens, and divers other classes of individuals are, in all well regulated Governments, forbidden the elective franchise, so I see no good reason why the blacks, until they become able to exercise the right to vote with proper discretion, should be admitted to the right of suffrage. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' The time might come with succeeding generations, when there would be no objection on the part of the whites, and none on the account of disqualification of the blacks, to their being admitted to the same political platform; but let after generations act for themselves. The idea of amalgamation and social equality, resulting from emancipation, is proven by experience to be untrue and absurd. It may be said by some, what right would a Convention have to liberate the unborn? They who ask equity, the lawyers say, themselves must do equity, and whilst the slaveholders have rights, they must remember the blacks also have rights; and surely, in the compromise which we have proposed between the slave and the slaveholder, the slaveholder has the lion's share."

On Sunday I replied to the Committee's handbill of Saturday, (in No. 5,) showing their falsehoods, and denouncing them, and appealing to the justice of the public, at whose bar I intended to appear if possible. Late on Sunday night, finding myself still more than ever prostrated; and despairing of being able to be present at the meeting on Monday, I dictated this last handbill, read the proof-sheets an hour after midnight, and had it circulated Monday morning, fearing that if it was put off to be read in manuscript, it would be suppressed or unheard.

No. V.

LEXINGTON, August 18th, 1845.

The Chairman of the Public Meeting assembled to-day will please lay before it the following communication:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF LEXINGTON, AND COUNTY OF FAYETTE,—Being unable, from the state of my health, to be present at your meeting, and even unable to hold a pen, having been sick thirty-five days with the typhoid fever, I dictate to an amanuensis, a few lines for your consideration. Having been the unwilling cause, in part, of the present excitement in my county, and feeling as I do, respect for the safety and happiness of others, as well as my own, I voluntarily come forward and do all I conscientiously can do for your quiet and satisfaction. I treated the communication from the private caucus with burning contempt, arising not only from their assuming over me a power which would make me a slave, but from a sense of the deep personal indignity with which their unheard of assumptions were attempted to be carried into execution. But to you—a far differently organized body, and a constitutional assemblage of citizens—I feel that it is just and proper that I should answer at your bar; and as I am not in a state of health to carry on an argument, or vindicate properly my own rights, I shall, voluntarily, before any action is taken on your part, make such explanation as I deem just and proper.

During my sickness, my paper has been conducted by some friends. The leading article in the last number, which I am told is the great cause of the public disquietude, I have never read, because at the time it was put to press, I could not have undergone the fatigue of reading such a paper through. Although it was read over to me at the time, yet I am fully persuaded now, that had I have been in health, it would not have been admitted into my columns. But I felt the less hesitancy in admitting it, because it has been my avowed policy heretofore to admit free discussion upon the subject of Slavery by slaveholders themselves, and the author of this article is largely interested in that kind of property. You have seen, before this time, that the course of policy which I commend, myself, to the State, is widely different, in many essential points, to this author's views. The article written by myself, and published in the same paper, was written a few days after the leader was in type, and which has also been the cause of so much dissatisfaction, the justice of which, to some extent, I am willing to acknowledge. I assure you, upon the honor of a man, it was never intended to mean, or to bear the construction which my enemies have given it. I was pursuing the reflections of my own mind without thinking of the misconstruction that could be put upon my language.

Had I been in the vigor of health, I should have avoided the objectionable expressions, for by sharply guarding against the cavils of my opponents, I would best guard at the same time against anything which could be considered of an incendiary character. I cannot say that the paper, from the beginning, has been conducted in the manner I could have wished. The cause of this it is not now necessary for me to mention. Satisfied, however, from past experience, that the free discussion of the subject of Slavery is liable to many objections which I did not anticipate, and which followed in an excess of liberality, arising, no doubt, from the fact that I had been denied the columns of the other presses of the country myself, I propose in future very materially to restrict the latitude of discussion. I shall admit into my paper no article upon this subject, for which I am not willing to be held responsible. This, you perceive, will very much narrow the ground: for my plan of emancipation, which I put forth a few days ago, is of the most gradual character. My other views put forth there also, are such as I learn are not at all offensive to the great mass of our people. By this course, I expect to achieve two objects, to enable me to carry on the advocacy of those principles and measures which I deem of vital importance to our State, without molestation, and without subjecting the people to the apprehensions and excitement which are now unhappily upon us. You may properly ask, perhaps, why was not this thing done before? I reply that I did not foresee any such consequences as have resulted from a different course. The denunciations of the public press on both sides, I conceived, and am still of the same opinion, arose from the desire to make both parties political capital. And you will see, also, when the excitement is worn off, that there have been many selfish purposes sought to be accomplished at the expense of your peace and mine, by men who are professing to be actuated by nothing but patriotic motives.

Having said thus much upon the conduct of my paper, I must say, also, that my constitutional rights I will never abandon. I feel as deeply interested in this community as any other man in it. No man is, or has a connection, more deeply interested, in the prosperity of this State, than myself. You ought not, you cannot, if you are just to me as you are to yourselves, ask me to do that which you would not do. I know not, in reality, what may be the state of public feeling. I am told it is very much inflamed; I therefore directed my publisher, after the publication of to-morrow's paper, to exclude all matter upon the subject of Slavery, until, if my health is restored, I shall be able myself to take the helm.

My office and dwelling are undefended, except by the laws of my country—to the sacred inviolability of which I confide myself and property; and of these laws you are the sole guardians. You have the power to do as you please. You will so act, however, I trust, that this day shall not be one accursed to our county and State.

Your obedient servant, C. M. CLAY.

Here, then, was as conciliatory an offer as any honorable man could ask. I wrote just as I would have spoken, had I been present in a mixed audience, where a few were attempting to hurry on the many to thoughtless deeds of irrevocable infamy. Had I been personally severe, in the True American, on some citizens high in the confidence of the State, I but spoke the real sentiments of my heart when I regretted it. Had I, when worn down with disease, with no friend of similar views to stand by my bedside, and give me counsel upon which I could implicitly rely, given utterance, incautiously, to language which might, by any possibility, be the cause of disaffection among the slaves, I was willing to be more guarded in the future. Had I dangerously given, when incapable of judging, too much liberty to correspondents, who are not always the best qualified to know the effects of their reflections upon a community surrounded by a large slave population, I was willing for the future to sit in more restrictive judgment upon the freedom and latitude of discussion. All these concessions were freely, frankly, and in good faith, made to save my country's cause, and mine. Kentuckians! Americans! was not this enough? Oh, no; it was not the manner, but the thing—it was not the *words*, but *actions*, which they feared. They wanted me to say that I would cease the discussion of the subject of Slavery, for well did they see, from a brief experience, that Slavery and a free press could not live together. They wanted me to abandon the exercise of my legal rights. Is any man so base as to say I ought to have yielded? No, my countrymen! remembering what State had given me birth—what I owed my country—what was due my suffering fellow-men, and my obligations to a just God—I replied in words which I supposed to be my last to man, "*my constitutional rights I shall never abandon.*" But, horrible and fatal necessity! Slavery knows not the language of remorse, and cannot indulge the undying instincts of generous magnanimity over a defenceless foe.* She had the decency to listen to my appeal, and I am told that tears stood in the eyes of many—yet the deed must be done, and with melancholy, yet firm despair, she bent herself to the task—and the press fell! and Kentuckians ceased to be free!

On the morning of the 18th of August, George R. Trotter, Judge of the city of Lexington, issued a legal process, enjoining the True American office and all its appurtenances, and on demand, I yielded up the keys to the City Marshal. At 11 o'clock on the same day, about twelve hundred persons assembled in the Court-House yard; a Chairman and Secretary were appointed—a manifesto and resolutions were reported by T. F. Marshall, and adopted. A Committee of sixty were appointed to take down the press and types, and send them to Cincinnati. The Committee proceeded to the True American office, where the Mayor of the city, (who by law has the whole militia of the city at his command,) James Logue, warned them that they were doing an illegal act, which he was bound to resist, but that he was overpowered by superior force, and yielded up possession and the keys. After boxing up the press and type, and all the furniture of the office, and sending them to Cincinnati, they reported again to the meeting at the Court-House, at 3 o'clock; and after a speech from Thomas Metcalfe, disavowing all connection with abolitionism on the part of the Whigs of Kentucky, the meeting adjourned.

Thus, on the 18th day of August, 1845, were the constitutional liberties of Kentucky overthrown, and an irresponsible despotism of slaveholding aristocracy established on the ruins. They who did the deed call it "dignified," and they supposed that its dignity would shield them from the indignation and curses of men, did they? No, they were not so contemptibly silly as that. They found it necessary, in order to cover up the enormity of their crime—(murder, cool and premeditated, and only not consummated, because no resistance was offered, according to their own admission—but, in reality, because they found hundreds of brave men, looking on in sullen silence, ready to die in my defence,)—to publish a manifesto to the world, full of darkly studied and damning calumny, in order to shut me off from the sympathies of men, and abate the horror of their criminal avowal, and dastardly revenge.

They supposed, no doubt, that I would either fall by disease or violence, and, as "dead men tell no tales," it would be easy to blacken my memory, and cover up their own infamy. This last finishing touch was needed to complete the dark portrait of perpetual Slavery—that mankind looking upon this picture of slaveholding cruelty, wrong, and smooth-faced hypocrisy, might be no longer deceived forever!

In this manifesto, and indictment, and verdict, I am accused:

1. Of being an Abolitionist in its Southern sense—my Northern visit is imputed to me as a crime—and I am declared returning home "the organ and agent of an incendiary sect."

2. I am accused of desiring to put into practical operation, the sentiment of the leading article of the True American of the 11th number, where I am spoken of as the very author of the same—"The Western apostle transcends, if possible, his mission."

3. It is imputed to me as a crime that I had prepared to defend my property and press against the illegal violence of the people.

4. I am accused of crime in characterizing American Slavery as "the lowest, the basest, the most unmitigated the world had seen"—or being a "daring incendiary, hurling his firebrands of murder and of lust,"—of "responding as a haughty and infuriated fanatic, in terms of outrage, to a committee of gentlemen, who made a wonderfully mild request"—and of "denying the right of the citizens to consult together on such a subject"—of being a "madman," or of "preparing himself for a civil war, in which he expected the non-slaveholding laborers, along with the slaves, to flock to his standard"—in calling on the "laborers for whom I have sacrificed so much," of "summoning slaves to my help."

5. I am accused of "attacking the tenure of slave property"—of being "a trespasser" upon slaveholders—and of pushing the community to extremity.

These are cruel charges, and most cruelly have they been avenged. Time was when men were heard, tried, and punished; now being punished, may I yet be heard?

With regard to the first allegation: I am so far an Abolitionist as certain men named George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson, and some other such "fanatics," who got together in 1776, and enunciated some very "mad and incendiary" doctrines. I followed up the same Washington, who, some years after that memorable event, declared that so far as his vote could go toward the abolition of Slavery, it should never be wanting. The same Washington, at some time subsequent, liberated all his slaves; I was "fanatic" enough to follow his advice and example, and would have others do likewise, thinking it better to be just than rich. On the other hand, I am opposed to the violation of law in any respect, either for the purpose of liberating a slave, or of murdering by mobs a loyal citizen. I look upon the rebels of the 18th, who bore death and arms in their hands, in order to perpetuate Slavery, as infinitely lower in crime and infamy, than the "incendiary sect," *if such there be*, who would use similar means to liberate the slave. God forbid that I, or my countrymen, should form an alliance with, or submit to the despotism of either. Neither the Liberty party, nor the Garrisonians, hold any such murderous doctrines; they are monopolized by the "respectable gentlemen" of the 18th of August. The Garrisonian Abolitionists are non-resistants; they hold with O'Connell, that no revolution, or change of Government, is worth a single drop of human blood. The Liberty party holds the doctrine put forth by their convention, held at Cincinnati, on the 11th day of June, 1845. They say of Slavery, "We believe its removal can be effected *peaceably, constitutionally*, without real injury to any, with the greatest benefit to all." So that if I was an Abolitionist in its broadest sense, there is no cause or excuse for any number of respectable gentlemen to come upon me and murder me, or trample upon the constitutional liberty of speech, and of the press. The Whigs call me a Whig—I wrote to the Abolitionists on the 11th of June, a letter published in the True American, where I call myself a Whig—the Abolitionists call me a Whig—and the Democrats call me a Whig: I hold to the principles of the Whigs of '76, "eternal resistance to tyrants,"—and all the renegades, apostates, and traitors in Kentucky, shall not shake me from whatever measure I choose to advocate, or from whatever men I choose to ally myself.

When my visit to the North is imputed to me as a crime, and so voted by prominent Whigs of Kentucky, it is time I should cease to suffer in reputation for their sakes, and speak plainly to them and the nation. Time after time did I receive the most urgent invitations from Whigs of the North, to come and aid the cause; yet as often did I refuse. I had a great work to perform, and did not wish to place my opponents on the vantage ground, for well did I know that whatever honors I might receive at the North, would be construed by the enemies of emancipation in Kentucky, into an alliance with Abolitionism.

When at last, however, serious apprehensions began to be entertained that Texas would come into the Union, with its unequal representation, Slavery, and national dishonor: I felt it my duty to go and give aid to the cause of my country, in whatever field of battle she called me. I went, by the advice of one of the Central Committee for the Whigs of Kentucky,—by special invitation from about fifty Whig clubs of the North,—by the request, before and after my departure, of four hundred and sixteen committee men, representing clubs, counties, and conventions—by the irresistible persuasion of fifty patriotic Whig women of Ohio, and last of all, by the tacit approval of the leader of the Whig party, Henry Clay. The day before I left Lexington, I called upon Mr. Clay, and told him the purpose of my mission; that it was thought by our friends that I could have an influence, from my peculiar position, with the Anti-Slavery, anti-Texas voters of the free States, which no other man could, and that I was willing to go if I could aid the Whig cause. Mr. Clay said nothing, but nodded his head, with an approving smile; and after some unimportant conversation, he offered me letters of introduction, which I declined as unnecessary. Whether I accomplished any good there or not, remains for others to say. It is enough for me to know, if I were vain enough to assume to myself consideration, which belongs to the vital interests which were at stake in the canvass, that never did any man of my age in America, draw together so large and intensely interesting audiences. The greatest intellect of the nation, the greatest orator of any age, said to me, "They had rather hear you than me." The most large-souled, uncompromising man in the Union was pleased to compliment me: "We regard you as one of the pillars of the great temple of American liberty." I mention these things not with the silly vanity of self-elation,—I knew them undeserved, and the overflow of hearts touched with sympathy for a man who had suffered proscription in the cause of justice and truth—for a man of proper feeling is less wounded by censure than unmerited compliment, and loves more to deserve praise than to receive it—but because much enmity and denunciation have been poured upon me here, charging me with being the cause of Mr. Clay's defeat, by my visit to the North, and by forcing him into the Gazette letter!

"The Speed letter—aye, the Speed letter!" Well, then, if the whole truth must be told, the Whigs of New-York are solely responsible for the effect of that letter, if any it had; they published it *without my advice, and in opposition to my consent.* The letter on its face shows itself to be confidential, and not intended for the public eye. I have by me, Mr. Speed's letter, apologizing for the action of his friends in publishing it in his absence, and without his consent, because of the eminent service it was thought it would render the cause. As soon as Mr. Clay's letter to the Kentucky Gazette was received by me, I immediately sat down to a table and wrote to him that I was grieved if I had misunderstood his sentiments, drawn as my opinion was, from his whole history, and repeated written declarations—that if he was not favorable to emancipation, I regretted it on my account, on his account—and on account of our common country. That I was devoting myself, unwearyedly and honestly, to the success of that party whose triumph was to result in his elevation—but if *he* conceived me doing any injury to the cause, that I would not again open my mouth in the canvass. His answer was, that it was stolen from Horace Greeley, and published without my ever having seen it, by the Democracy of New-York. During my whole visit North, although I was cordially received by the Anti-Slavery men of all parties, I addressed but two abolition meetings—and then it was to defend the proposition of H. Clay and the slaveholders, that "that is property which the law makes property." Everywhere, among Abolitionists, I made some enemies by defending this dogma, which now, by the disregard of all law, avowed on the 18th, is of no more effect, but null and void. Everywhere, among Abolitionists especially, did I make enemies by defending Henry Clay. How, then, dare Henry Clay's son, and Kentucky Whigs sit in solemn conclave, and vote me to be "the organ and agent of an incendiary sect"? And under this pretext, to rob me of my property, and threaten me with murder? To my brother Whigs throughout the Union, I appeal from this ungrateful and calumnious accusation!

The second charge, holding me responsible for being about to enforce the sentiments of that author of the leader in the 11th number of the True American, who is of their own brotherhood, not *mine*, being a *slaveholder*, when they had my own written opinions before them, utterly different in many essential respects, is as false as it is impudent. Denied, myself, the use of the press of all parties, on my return from the North, criminally accused in my absence, and not allowed to vindicate myself, it would have been strange, indeed, if I had refused even a slaveholder a hearing, who uttered his thoughts boldly and honestly. My paper was intended to embody the differing opinions of all Kentuckians, and I said in the beginning that all the editorials would admit of very variant opinions, without comment from me. In the same number with this leader, I promised in my very next, to give my "individual opinions" upon emancipation. But these they did not want to hear, for well they knew that they would give the lie to all they had been saying about my abolitionism, for months, and years. Have our masters grown so fastidious that they cannot bear simple propositions, which are safe and peaceable, stated, without becoming mad with impotent rage? For none of these "respectable gentlemen" have said that the leader was either *unjust* or *untrue*, or that it was incendiary. How, then, even if I had endorsed it, could it have been imputed to me as a crime?

In regard to the third allegation: it is indeed a strange state of civil society, when the very basis upon which all associations of men are formed, is imputed to a man as a crime. If self-defence, which is so much an axiom to commanding the instinctive approbation of all men and times, as to be known as the "first law of nature," has to be defended, I might as well quit the field in despair. But if it was not a virtue of the highest order to resist mobs, which are violators of the peace, and in derogation of the dignity and safety of the Commonwealth, I need but bring the National and State Constitution to my defence, which place the right of the citizen "to bear arms in self-defence," beyond the power of legislation, higher, and more sacred than the Constitution itself. I was threatened with mobs by all the city papers, before I began to publish the True American; then, and not till then, did I prepare for defence.—Against partial mobs, emeutes, and black Indians, whether one, or a thousand, I was prepared to defend myself; yes, against the "secret conclave of cowardly assassins," I prepared myself, and dared them to the onset; and, as I anticipated in the beginning, by them I stood unharmed, only because I was defended. Born free and independent, with my name associated eternally with the Commonwealth, whose honor and safety I was bound by the laws of God and nature to support, I did not come "secretly," sneaking as a traitor with bated breath, *whispering treason and murder;* but glorying in my birthright, I proudly spread my banner, "God and Liberty," to the eyes of men, and vowed my determination to defend it or die. But in that once proud State, for whose best interests I was ever willing to risk my all, I never anticipated a total overthrow of the *civil power:* for upon that, and the justice and magnanimity of the great mass of my countrymen, I relied for security, after I had swept down, if necessary, thousands of traitors and murderers, who were as much their enemies as mine. My office, if a fortified, was not a provisioned fort, so these men, not I, are mad, when they would represent me as warring against the whole community. But let no man misunderstand me. Still, in that case, I would yield only to superior *brute force*, if every man in the district was against me, I do not admit the *right* even of a whole community, to do an illegal act. The case of invasion by a foreign power, is not a parallel case—that is not only forbidden by law, but these men acted not only *without* the sanction of law, but against it, and in violation of its most sacred purposes, which are to guard the weak against the strong and many. No, my countrymen, there is no liberty here, if every man in this State should join to enslave the press, whilst the Constitution stands an eternal barrier to, and in stern condemnation of the crime.

In the fourth and principal charge, the editorial already given is urged against me. It is true that I spoke of Slavery, as I felt and knew it to be. Whilst I admit now, and ever have, the humanity of many masters, and whilst I have *never denounced slaveholders as a class*, still I maintain that American Slavery, its system, its laws, and its possible abuses, make it "the lowest, the basest, and the most unmitigated the world has seen." The Jews had their jubilees; the Romans and Greeks admitted the freedman at once into the class of masters; the Turk makes his slave his wife, and admits her equality in the household: the Asiatic, and the African, and the European slave fall not to the level of ours. For here color, and natural differences of structure and capacity, heighten the deformities of Slavery, and increase its difficulties, its cruelties, and its dangers. On this question I spoke as one man to his equal—and who shall be my censors? It can be offensive to none but the basely guilty. If false, let it be proven! If true, let it be remedied. But as for mere clamor, I contemn it. "Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humors? By the gods, you shall digest the venom of your spleen though it do split you." Impartial men must remember that this was written by a man just able to wield a pen, after a most dangerous and brain-oppressing fever. It is the dreamy, abstract speculation of the invalid purified by suffering, unguarded, and unsuspecting, because conscious of a high and elevated motive. It is not an invitation to evil, or a vicious gloating upon suffering foreseen, but the great yearning of a heart full of humanity, to save others from impending ruin. There are in it, I frankly admit, words which seem to look to a servile insurrection, and to name such an event is, as the author of "A Kentuckian" also ought to know, to invite it. This I simply regret, not on my own account, but on account of the cause which is more dear to me than life. My war is upon Slavery, not upon slaveholders—I repeat once more. As no man in Kentucky had more to lose, so no man had more reason than I to avoid even the suspicion of insurrection. All human probabilities conspire to sustain me, when I assert before Heaven and earth that such a thought never entered my head. Come then, ye testy cavillers, I say the proposition is true, in its letter, and in its spirit, and in its broadest meaning! Yes, this much abused article, but reiterates that *virtue is the only secure basis for republics.** Such has been the doctrine from Longinus, running down through all writers upon Government till the final repetition of it in Washington's Farewell Address to the American people. The consciences of slaveholders bear testimony to its immortal truth, and neither calumny nor murder can eradicate it from the convictions of mankind. Need I maintain an argument to prove that Slavery is subversive of virtue, and consequently dangerous to republics and death to liberty? Go, listen to your Hammonds, and let pulpit hypocrites stultify themselves and you, in discussing and refuting the language, reason, and the irrepressible axioms of the heart. Shall I contend that Slavery is at war with the virtue and justice of the nation? Behold our broken constitutions—our violated laws—our tarnished faith—our

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* In this handbill I briefly narrate the circumstances of the meeting, as here stated. D. M. Craig, being the only Whig present, I supposed it a party affair, and so stated it. B. W. Dudley, and G. W. Hunt had not then come in, who are Whigs, but are said to have been present after I left there.

† The part which the Johnsons took in Wickliffe's, and Brown's attempt to assassinate me, a few years ago, is generally believed to have arisen solely from political motives of getting rid of a formidable opponent. The system they imported from Scott county, was to bully opponents in the canvass, or at the polls;

wounded honor—our rapacious wars—our plundering conquests—our insulted ambassadors—our imprisoned citizens—our robbed presses—our murdered people, and tell me if I be a "fanatic," when I say that Slavery threatens all law, and our whole system of republicanism, the ruin of property, and the loss of life. Whether, then, Slavery stood by the avarice and selfishness of the farmer of Kentucky, the planter of Louisiana, the manufacturer of Lowell, the cotton-merchant of New-York, the pork-dealer of Cincinnati, or the speculators upon slave-labor all over the Union—I wished to appeal to the strongest motives of the human heart, the love of money and the adoration of women, to arouse them to its inevitable and disastrous consequences. Will any one of these men tell me the guards which they propose to thrust between the "silver on the board," and the daughters of wealth with hands unhardened by toil, yes—the "smooth-skinned woman on the ottoman"—and the plundered poor, the lawless, whose existence is pre-supposed by the very necessity of government at all? Come, now, fastidious statesmen, you who have had time to reflect, please tell me that I may in the future avoid your wrath, and my country escape this great woe! Shall it be by law? That you have sacrificed to Slavery! Shall it be by a long instilled and sacred reverence for the Constitution? That you have trampled under foot! Shall it be an appeal to a common interest between the rich and the poor, the only basis of republicanism? You have separated the great mass of the American people from you, by Slavery, by studied contempt, and the impassable barriers of ignorance and poverty! You will appeal to a strong Government and a King—will you? Look back through history and learn that no Republic has passed into a monarchy, without long years of blood and anarchy, in which perish property, men, women, and children, and when are not spared the statues of dead men, or the temples of the living God! The last clause in the article, which has been basely tortured into the *present now*, every sensible man will see is dependent upon the contingency, *when*, virtue is lost. It may be now, to-morrow, next year, the next hundred years, and if virtue is *never* rooted out of the minds of the people, *never!*

Has it come to this, that I am to be drawn up and publicly censured for speaking in plain and manly language to men, who order me to relinquish my birthright, or die. "Go, tyrants, I am not yet a slave." Are you *men?* Kentuckians, is not this shameful? Alas! have we so soon "lost the breed of noble bloods?"

It is not true that I "denied the right of the citizens to consult together on such a subject."

On the contrary, I did acknowledge their right, by my repeated appeals to them; not only to consult—but to advise—to warn—but then their office was at an end. They could, no more than a single person, go farther than the laws allowed. Had they confined themselves to this, much good would have resulted. There is a moral power in the proceedings and counsel of the assembled people in the public discharge of duty when within the bounds of law and justice, which no sensible man will disregard so long as principle be not violated. But when they transcend their power, they sink into the dust, impotent and contemptible as the meanest faction, and all *men* will stand by me when I defy them, as I do now. Whether they will best accomplish their purpose by the course pursued, time will develop—and may God defend the right!

For whom "have I sacrificed so much?" *For the six hundred thousand free white laborers of Kentucky!* Against whose every vital interest, Slavery wages an eternal and implacable war! For them I lost caste with the slaveholding aristocracy of the land! For them I liberated my slaves! For them have I sacrificed all chance of political elevation in my native State! For them have I lived—and for them have I stood ready to die! They who have never eaten of my bread, and stabbed me in the dark; they, who have sood by me again and again, without hope of reward; they, whose children, gazing in my face with lovely eyes and reproachful confidence—seemed to say, "what are you, as a legislator, doing for us?—shall we not be enabled to be fed and clothed as the children of slaveholders?—shall we not have school-houses and churches, and be taught to know how to work to advantage?—shall we not be so placed, as to be able to possess a small piece of land, or at all events, if we are manufacturers, I sell our wares, or if we are mechanics, to find continual employment at fair wages?—shall we not change our log cabins, daubed with mud, and chilled by the winds of winter, into comfortable little cottages, with some evidences of taste in yards, of flower and shrubs?—save us, we pray you, from *necessary idleness* and *dishonorable work*—spare yourselves the expense of jails and penitentiaries, and rescue us from the chances of a felon's fate!" Yes, these are the men, the great majority of the people of Kentucky, whose interests, in 1841, I swore I never would betray—for whom I then fell, and now suffer. How long, my countrymen, seeing you have the power of the ballot-box, shall these things be? Will you not at least be relieved from prejudice, which poisons you with hatred and injustice to the blacks?—Enslaved by passions which our masters cunningly infuse into us from our very cradle—will you never open your eyes and be free? Will you not at least awake, arise, and be men? Then shall I be delivered from this outlawry, this impending ruin, this insufferable exile, this living death!

Not upon the slaves did I call. How could I? Is any man in Kentucky so base as to charge that I have held secret conference with the slaves? No, not one! How, then, could I call upon the slaves, who could not read, one in a hundred? With all my relations and kindred, slaveholders, many of them ministering in turn at my sick couch by day and by night—all to be involved in one common ruin—warring, one county against a whole State—and I prostrate, and unable to raise my head, to call upon the slaves to rally to the standard of civil war! I refrain from expressing the great indignation which such gross and monstrous calumny cannot but generate in the coldest bosom. Go search my secret and public life from the cradle up, and tell the world by what steps I have gradually prepared myself for this last round of unnerved depravity! When have I stripped the poor—when played the sycophant to the powerful—where have I lied—what party betrayed—what friend deserted—when have I stolen or robbed—when did I counterfeit—whom have I secretly injured—in what penitentiaries have I served an apprenticeship to crime—whom have I secretly poisoned—whom have I openly murdered? Then, before this charge, in the face of Kentucky, and the world, I stand mute! Poor and friendless—broken in spirit and in hope—outlawed and exiled though I be, there is something yet remaining of what a man—a proud, just, honest man, should be—and I shall not stoop to plead *not guilty* not here, nor now.

In the fifth and last count of their indictment, I am accused of "attacking the tenure of the property of slaveholders"—of being a "trespasser on them"—and of "pushing the community to extremity"—Now, I deny that I have ever attacked the legal tenure of slave-property—the justice of a law is one thing, its validity another. I call for proof. My writings, for five years, are before them and the world. I challenge them to the proof. They can never produce it. How then can I be a "trespasser upon them?" I have ever vindicated their legal right to *their property*—they have robbed me of *mine!* They have taken more property from me than the average value of the slaves held by masters in Kentucky. If, then, their accusation were true and not false, perpetual silence should have sealed their lips—the robber—if I be one—has been doubly robbed!

I did not push the community to extremity. For, in addition to my other concessions, I was willing to suspend the paper until my health was restored.—Nay, by all that is sacred among men—it was not the community, but Slavery, which I was pushing to extremity! Those slaveholders who favored emancipation, cared not what I said of Slavery, as my subscription list proves—those who did not, and never did intend to favor it, I was not fool enough to attempt to persuade. If Slavery never falls till it falls by the consent of slaveholders, it will never fall "in the tide of time." How many of all the monarchs of the world will any man of sense undertake to persuade to lay down the sceptre? Governor Hammond, in speaking of "moral suasion" addressed to slaveholders, tells but simple truth, when, in writing to the venerable Thomas Clarkson, he says, "*you know it is mere nonsense.*" John Green, of Kentucky, one of the mildest, the best, and most impartial men that ever lived, said in the Luminary, in 1836: "It is but natural that a stranger in passing through our State should take up such impressions, from the liberal tone in which our politicians and other intelligent men speak on the subject, so long as they are permitted to deal in generals, and to qualify their remarks by the important word IF. But if you call upon them to propose some plan, and to commence *action*, they will *almost universally* draw back. I think I know something of our public men, and I tell you they are for doing NOTHING." Let me be no more, then, "damned with faint praise" that my motives are good, but that I am "rash and denunciatory." No, my countrymen, it is not *words* but *action* for which I am now outlawed.

The slaveholders of the other counties have dropt the stale and shallow idea of *incendiarism*, and say that *Slavery shall not be discussed.* This is the only and true issue. This manifesto means it—though it was ashamed to say it. Else why speak of its constitutional guaranties? Now, the United States Constitution leaves it fairly within the power of change. The Kentucky Constitution, article 7, section 1, thus reads: "The General Assembly shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves, without the consent of their owners, or without paying their owners, previous to such emancipation, a full equivalent in money for the slaves so emancipated." It is true, we, of the emancipation party have never pressed this power, because we deemed it impracticable in execution. Yet, here is a clause putting the whole question fairly within the field of *discussion*, because in the field of *action*—which relieves us of the necessity of claiming in our defence the constitutional rights and specific guarantees of the liberty of speech and the press.

I say, then, that this last and all these allegations against me are false and calumnious, and for myown justification I "appeal to Kentucky and to the world."

Having said thus much upon this subject in connection with my own name, in order to develop its injustice and studied cruelty and determined wrong—I shall now consider it in its far more important bearing on the liberties of the State and the nation.

Section 2, article 6, Kentucky Constitution, has this definition of treason: "Treason against the Commonwealth shall consist only in levying war against, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort."—Now here was a great party of men who rose up and declared themselves *armed*—"we are armed and resolved"—they go to the civil authorities, the Mayor and Marshal of the city of Lexington, officers of the Commonwealth, who warn them that an illegal act is about to be perpetrated—and with arms and an overpowering force eject them, and take property which was yielded up to the possession of the law. Not only do they fail to make restitution, but they avow their determination to continue their illegal action, and if necessary, to shed blood—to commit murder upon peaceable citizens. Now, if this is not "levying war against the Commonwealth," then is human language utterly incapable of conveying anything intelligible! It was a *revolution*, bloodless only because no physical resistance was made, as they themselves avow. What is the Commonwealth? its officers?—Against them they levied war. What is the Commonwealth?, its Constitution? That they avowedly set aside as being incompetent to meet the case. What is the Commonwealth? its laws? They proclaimed that there was no legal power for their action. They put it down in writing that there was usurped an original or revolutionary power. The assembly was called in open day—its President was a magistrate, a sworn conservator of the peace at other times—its action was deliberate and "dignified"—its numbers were large—and its force irresistible—its end the suppression of the press and the Constitution of the State—and lastly, it solemnly appealed to the world in justification of its proceedings. If this be not a revolution, then never has one taken place in the history of men. No matter what may have been the provocation on my part—even though I had been proven an insurrectionist—even though I had been caught applying the torch to the dwellings of defenceless women and children—even though I had been taken with hands red with the blood of my fellow-citizens—still the character of this action is unchanged in the least respect. The press had passed from my possession—it was stopped by legal process—whatever danger it threatened, if any, was passed—it had become inert matter, incapable of moral or legal wrong—and even if it had not, the Commonwealth only was responsible for its influence, whether good or bad, upon the safety of the community, which these men affected to believe endangered, but of which, in reality, they themselves were the only enemies.

On the 18th day of August, then, were the constitutional liberties of Kentucky forcibly overthrown, and an irresponsible oligarchy of slaveholders established on their ruins.

They may allow Governor Owsley to retain his seat at the head of the executive department—they may permit the legislature to pass such laws as suit them—they may, in a word, suffer the forms and machinery of a free Government to go on—but be assured, men of Kentucky, you are nevertheless *slaves.*

Be assured that you live under an anarchical despotism. The same men who robbed me of my press, have set as a jury, and justified the deed, and declared there was no offence against the laws! What care they, who plot murder, for violated oaths? The respectable slaveholding mob of the 18th, sat in judgment upon the "ungentlemanly" mob of the 19th, by arms and force, claiming for themselves alone, supreme irresponsible power. The "canaille" of the 19th were drawn up before the courts, and punished; the respectable gentlemen of the 18th, beyond all human computation more guilty, went unwhipt of justice. Surely the king can do no wrong! Whilst I speak, there are now ordered some hundreds of armed men, by the Governor, into Clay County, to preserve what little remnant of civil authority and the old form of Government may yet remain. What will this come to? Where does it all lead? It requires no prophetic eye to see blood flowing knee deep ere this damnable usurpation come to the still grave of unresisted and hopeless despotism! Did they say to Stevenson, of Georgetown, print no more upon the subject of Slavery? Has the Louisville Journal been silenced? In Lincoln, and Jefferson, and Nelson, will a peaceable citizen be drawn from his bed at midnight, and be hung to a limb, or shot down like a dog, in the day, if he venture to read one-half of the newspapers of America? Are not these men mad? Are they not spinning for themselves a web, which, like the shirt of Nessus, will, instead of *protecting*, involve them in utter ruin and despair? Who, in South Carolina, dare now discuss Slavery? Can Calhoun—can Hammond plead, if he would, for emancipation? Have they not raised a Devil, which the combined intellect of the State cannot lay, though death look them in the face, and the grave open beneath their feet?—"Madmen, and fanatics," would you place Kentucky in the same category! Will you not allow us to be saved now while it is to-day—and while the evil years come not?

By what tenure do you hold your slaves? Is it by natural right, or by the Constitution? If the Constitution be overthrown, is not the slave free? Will the other States return him into bondage? Will they interfere to put down domestic violence, when by you all legal security is first destroyed? When you avow yourselves murderers in purpose, will the North be thus cured of dangerous fanaticism? Will not blood answer to blood, and the earth cry out unceasingly for vengeance? Is not the liberty of the press the common concern of the whole American people? Can you plant your iron heel upon the ten millions of Northern freemen? Are Bunker Hill and Lexington, ideal names, and do I dream when I find myself planted upon a soil which was named in solemn dedication and remembrance of that land which was wet by the blood of those who knew not how to be slaves and live? Can any people be free who voluntarily yield to illegal force a single right? Do I not owe allegiance to the National Government—may she not call upon me at any hour to lay down my life in her defence? Then does she not in turn owe me protection? Can the sheep be safe, when all the watch-dogs are slain? Can the nation be free when all the presses are muzzled? Have not the organs of two administrations made relentless war upon me, a private individual? What is there in my person so terrible to the slave power? Is anything more terrible to tyrants than the liberty of the press? Will not emissaries from a slaveholding President do in the free States to-morrow, what is done with impunity here to-day? Do not the cries of the bloodhounds of national patronage, crying for my blood as freely as the despots of the South, strike terror into the souls of Northern men?

Can it be that the liberty of the press is so small a thing? Know you not, Americans, that when the liberty of speech and of the press is lost, all is lost? Heavens and Earth! must I argue this question with the descendants of Washington and Adams? Well, then, Eripides said—"This is true liberty, where freeborn men, having to advise the public, may speak free." Said Chatham—"Sorry am I to hear liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime; it is a liberty I mean to exercise; no gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it." John Milton—"And although all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" Daniel Webster, speaking of the freedom of opinion—"It may be silenced by military power, but not conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumph or repose. Erskine: "The proposition I mean to maintain as the basis of the liberty of the press, and without which it is an empty sound, is this, that every man not intending to mislead, but seeking to enlighten others what with his own reason and conscience, however erroneously, have dictated to him as truth, may address himself to the universal reason of a whole nation, either upon the subject of Governments in general, or upon that of our own particular country, that he may analyze the principles of its Constitution—*point out its errors and defects—examine and publish its corruptions*—warn his fellow-citizens against their ruinous consequences, and exert his whole faculties in pointing out the most advantageous changes in establishments which he considers radically defective, or sliding from their object by abuse."

John Milton, again: "For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance should ever rise in the Commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect, but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for."

Plutarch nobly says: "Without liberty, there is nothing good, nothing worthy the desires of men."

Rotteck: "Curse on his memory! The press is to words, what the tongue is to thoughts. Who will constrain the tongue to ask permission for the word it shall speak, or forbid the soul to general thoughts? *What should be free and sacred, if not the press?*"

Benjamin Franklin: "*Freedom of speech is the principal pillar of a free Government; when this support is taken away, the Constitution of free Government is dissolved, and tyranny is erected on its ruins.*"

Erskine: "It is because the liberty of the press resolves itself into the great issue, that it has been in every country the last liberty which subjects have been able to wrest from the hands of power. Other liberties are held *under* Government, but the liberty of opinion keeps *Governments themselves* in due subjection to their duties. *This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and tyranny has only been purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it.*"

James McIntosh: "One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his thoughts on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants."

"The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free Constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the heart and arms of Englishmen, and I trust that I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British Empire."

Curran: "What then remains? The liberty of the press only; that sacred Palladium which no influence, no power, no minister, no Government, which nothing but the depravity or folly of a jury can ever destroy. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture, guard it, because when it sinks, then sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown."

Such are the opinions of some of the great and good of other times, which seem to burst from agonized souls, amid tears and blood.

But our fathers did not leave this basis of all liberty to the uncertain opinions of men. The United States Constitution, article 1, of Amendments, says, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The Constitution of Kentucky, section 7, article 10, says: "The presses shall be free to every person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the Legislature or any branch of government; and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invulnerable rights of man, and every citizen may freely write, speak, or print, on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty." Then I call upon William Owsley, Governor of Kentucky, to protect me in the constitutional re-establishment of the liberty of the press. This is a case of domestic violence. If he has not power enough here, in Kentucky, I demand of him, in the name of the spirit of the 4th article of the Constitution, to call upon James K. Polk, President of the United States, to assist with all the power of the national arm, in vindicating the violated laws and broken Constitution. The liberty of the press is my inheritance. It is mine, by the common law of the land. Congress has no power to take it away, but to make it secure. I implore the American people to vindicate their birthright and mine. To the National Government I owe allegiance, and in turn I claim of it protection; I demand of the Congress of the United States to pass suitable laws, by which the rebels of the 18th, if they attempt to redeem their pledge, and renew their violence, may be brought to summary punishment, so that I be protected in the liberty of speech and of the press.—Yes, Americans, if you are not slaves, this thing will have to be done. It is your cause and not mine. Justice demands it—the Constitution demands it—your own safety demands it—virtue and humanity demand it—then in the name of God and Liberty let it be done.

In the meantime, I stand here on my native land for which my kindred have bled in every field of honorable achievement—one amidst a thousand—undismayed by the dangers and death, which like the plague with mysterious and impassable terrors by day and night, hang over me and mine—trusting that my position may arouse in the bosoms of Americans an honorable shame and a magnanimous remorse—that they may rise up in the omnipotency of the ballot cast by fifteen millions of freemen, and peaceably overthrow the slave despotism of this nation—and avoid the damning infamy which awaits them for all time in the judgment of the civilized world, if they leave me here to die!

To the liberty of my country and of mankind, then, I dedicate myself and those whom I hold yet more dear—and for the purity of my motives, and the patriotism of my life—the past and the future—I "appeal to Kentucky and to the world."

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, Ky. Sept. 25, 1845.

MOB LAW SUSTAINED BY THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF LEXINGTON!

The Lexington Observer, of the 8th, contains a full statement of the proceedings had before the City Court, of Lexington, on the arraignment on a charge of riot of the sixty, who removed Mr. Clay's press and types. It was proved on the part of the city, that after the preliminary meetings, the Committee of sixty went to the office of the True American, where the key was given them by one of the city officers, after they were assured by the Mayor that these acts were illegal, but that the authorities could offer no opposition to them!—that the Committee then proceeded to dismantle the office in the most orderly manner, the crowd being enjoined to silence and quiet, and that the press, &c. were then boxed up, and sent to Cincinnati.

The testimony taken on the part of the defence, is thus summed up by the Observer:—

The substance of the testimony on the part of the defence was, in the first place, all the numbers of the True American paper since its commencement; and the attention of the jury was particularly called to those articles which connected it to the abolition party; to those recommending force to be used if necessary to the abolition of Slavery in Kentucky, and to the last number, in which the climax was capped by informing the slaveholders, in threatening terms, that only thin panes of glass interposed between the strong arms and fiery hearts and iron pikes in the streets, and the silver on their boards, and their smooth-skinned women on the ottomans. The handbills containing the correspondence between respectable citizens of Lexington, and the editor of the paper showing the efforts which were made to discontinue its publication, and his contemptuous and defiant treatment of them, with his call upon the laboring classes to arm in his defence, were also given in evidence. It was then proved by sworn witnesses, that since the first commencement of the paper, the office had been regularly fortified, the door and windows barricaded, and the former secured with chains, in such a manner that but one person could enter at a time, that the arms in the office consisted of two shell cannon, two double-barrel shot guns, iron pikes, pistols, &c. and that the cannon were so arranged, that they could be made to rake the door breast high; all these preparations were made before, or about the time the first number of the paper was issued.

For the purpose of proving the effect produced by the True American paper upon the slave population, a host of witnesses were introduced, among them the Mayor of the city, all of whom testified that since the first appearance of the paper, a most marked change could be perceived in the conduct of the negroes; the Mayor stated that bands of them had frequently, since that time, marched past his door, with great noise, as if in defiance of his authority, which they had never done before; all testified that since that time, the slaves had become far more idle, independent, disobedient, and hard to manage. It was proved that more thefts had been committed, more slaves sold to the South, (some of them expressly on account of conversations overheard about the paper,) than were ever before known in the same length of time. It was in evidence that in some sections of the country, more than one-half the slaves had fire-arms, which was never known before; that they were in the habit of assembling upon the high road at late hours of the night in groups, and appeared to be concerting mischief—that in one instance an attack had been made by several, upon the dwelling of a white man; and in another, that a body of them had assembled with their officers, marching rank and file, like trained soldiers, brandishing their hemp hooks; that slaves were in the habit of reading the paper from the time of its commencement, and in one instance that a slave had gotten it from the office of its publication, where he had paid ten cents for it; that the slaves were in the habit of singing songs, whose refrain was, "we'll soon be free—hurrah for Cash Clay!" that they looked upon him as able to set them free, and that his paper was established for that purpose; and finally, that, in some instances, they considered themselves as free as the whites, and refused to do their work. These facts were established by a multitude of witnesses; and there was not one who, on his oath, dissented from the opinion that the True American paper was exercising a most deleterious influence upon the slave population.

After the testimony had been closed, the Court instructed the jury, upon the law of the case, as follows:

"That if the jury believe from the evidence in their cases, that the defendants to this prosecution assembled with the intent, and did with violence and by force take possession of the True American office, they are guilty of a riot, and they must find them guilty, and assess their fine in their discretion from one cent to one hundred dollars."

The remainder of the proceedings are thus stated by the Observer:—

The defendants then asked the following instructions:

1st. That as the proceeding was *quasi* criminal, the jury were the judges of the law and facts.

2d. That the people have a right to abate a nuisance, and in its abatement to use just so much force as might be necessary for that purpose.

The Court gave the first instruction asked by defendants with the qualification that although legally, the jury were morally bound to decide according to the law given them by the Court.

The second instruction asked by them, the Court refused, at the same time remarking, that if he looked only to the common law, he should feel bound to give it, but that the Court of Appeals of Kentucky in the leading case upon the subject of nuisance, had drawn a distinction between a physical and a moral nuisance, that they had decided that a physical nuisance might generally be abated, but that the question as to a moral nuisance, was left somewhat in doubt.

The defendants then offered the following instruction, in the language of the decision referred to:

"That if the jury believe that the True American press was a public nuisance, and could not exist in its then present location and condition, without being a nuisance, the defendants were justifiable in abating it."

Which the Court gave, and the cause went to the jury.

The definition of a nuisance, as given by the best common law writers, was then read to the jury in the following terms:

"A common nuisance is an offence against the public, either by doing a thing which tends to the annoyance of all the king's subjects, or by neglecting to do a thing which the common good requires."

After full argument, the jury without hesitation gave a verdict of *not guilty.*

Communications.

The No-Voting Theory.

CHESTER COUNTY, Pa. 9th mo. 21st, 1845.

FRIEND GAY:—After having requested my worthy correspondent to give me some more particular account of his sentiments on the subject of Slavery, I have obtained from him the following communication, which, if it should suit your convenience, may be published in the Standard, in order that we may, by some means, be instructed how to dispense with his objections to the no-voting theory. I feel a warm attachment to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and have repeatedly contributed to its funds. Yours, truly, J. H.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER Co. 9th mo. 5th, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER:—Thy letter of seventh mo. 20th, was duly received, and was a truly acceptable communication. Thou "likest my sentiments on temperance and Anti-Slavery pretty well, as far as thou hast them, but what is meant by a 'political Abolitionist?'" A brief answer to that question might be, one who *votes against Slavery.* But most likely a more extended definition is desirable. I presume we may take for granted, that Slavery is a great evil, morally, politically, and religiously. If so, the remedy, it seems to me, should be commensurate with the evil, and that we are under obligation to use all the means in our power, and make all the appliances possible, calculated to remove it. And what should first be done? Rouse the minds of the people; set the moral power to work; let all who are convinced that something is necessary to be done, in order to correct public sentiment, go to work and do that something. Let the lecturer and essay writer use both tongue and pen in throwing facts and arguments broadcast over the land. Let the minister of religion come up to the work, and not skulk behind his creed, or screen himself from responsibility for fear of producing discord in his church. Let him remember the circumstance of the Prophet Jonah, and not go *down to Joppa*, when he is commanded to *preach against Nineveh.* Let the moral and religious influences be exerted, till they shall have revolutionized the minds of men and women, and given a tone to the rising generation, (who, by the by, are easily put right on the matter,) till the mass, or a majority, shall be right in regard to the great question, Ought Slavery to be abolished? This is the first thing necessary, for till this be done, voting and making laws will be of little avail. But suppose this done,—suppose that two-thirds of the inhabitants in a neighborhood, say Chester County, were thoroughly Anti-Slavery in sentiment—what then? Then being convinced that Slavery *ought to be abolished,* does not abolish it. Slavery is the creature of *law.* And by the law it must ultimately be abolished. So it seems to me. If the laws are an index to public sentiment, and "people will always make laws a little better than themselves," who will enact them? If the no-voting theory be the correct one, and the two-thirds absent themselves from elections, the pro-slavery one-third will compose the Legislature, and have the whole control of the statute-book. And are we to suppose, can we possibly conceive, that pro-slavery legislators will enact Anti-Slavery laws? The supposition is unreasonable, contrary to all history. If we extend our view, and take in the whole State, yes, even the United States, the same train of reasoning will apply. The Anti Slavery two-thirds must be ruled and governed by the pro-slavery one-third, and thus, in all coming times, whatever oppressive laws now exist, must remain; no relief can be had. The poor fugitive may escape from his master; he may elude the scent of the blood-hound, and the sight of his more bloody human pursuer; and through many tribulations, may enter the land of Penn, where his worn-out body and panting soul ought to be beyond the reach of his enemies. But no, even here he is not safe. Sympathy he may find, the bowels of mercy may be opened, but he is still a fugitive, and liable at any time to be hunted out, and dragged back to chains and fiendish torture. There is no remedy. Such is the law. Such has been the decision of the Supreme Court. Must this state of things continue? Must it forever be contrary to law for a man to gain his liberty in this free country? God forbid. Justice and mercy forbid. Yet how can we *expect* it to be otherwise, if we stop short of the whole work; if we stultify ourselves, and *refuse to do the very thing* that has required so much moral and religious exertion to get us *prepared* to do.

I am not ignorant of the arguments and assertions of those who contend that no honest man can consistently hold office in our Government. I do not propose combating that opinion in this connection. I have examined the Constitution of the United States, for myself, and have formed the opinion that it is not a pro-slavery document. I believe its whole scope, spirit, and intention, is on the side of liberty, and opposed to Slavery. But I am free to point out what I conceive has been a great error in Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and his disciples. They have confounded two things that are essentially different: the Constitution, and the Government. In the address of the Committee of the American Anti Slavery Society, published in the forepart of last summer, William Lloyd Garrison, who was the Chairman of that Committee, holds this language:—"The Constitution is pro-slavery, because the Judges of the Supreme Court have so decided, and because the people, as a mass, have so considered it." I perhaps do not use the words of the address, but I have the meaning. Admiting that *everybody* thought the Constitution gave a sanction to Slavery, and they had thought so for a century, would that prove it to be so? If it did, then we can readily prove, by the same mode of deduction, that the New Testament sanctions war and bloodshed. Have not the nations of Christendom acted on the principle, that wars were not only sanctioned, but justified by the Christian religion? Has that continued practice of professing Christians, *proved* that war is an element of Christianity? It certainly has, if the deductions of the Committee, are legitimate. George Fox did not thus conclude. He and his followers, do not admit the Prince of Peace to be good authority for war. They have not so read the Bible. The Society of Friends has steadily maintained, against a most powerful opposing opinion and practice, that Christianity is opposed to all wars, and provocations to war. The sentiment is spreading, and I have full faith that another generation will witness a mode of settling national disputes more in accordance with the spirit of peace, than that now practised. I believe as firmly in the Anti-Slavery tenor of the Constitution of the United States, as I do in the anti-war tenor of the New Testament. Peace and good will to men, in opposition to quarreling and fighting, is a redeeming feature of the New Testament. Liberty and equality are the compacts of the Constitution. If I believed the former sanctioned war, and the latter Slavery, I would trample them both under my feet.

I have said the Constitution and the Government, are distinct things. It does not follow, that, because Congress has passed pro-slavery laws, and the Judiciary decided particular cases in a manner unfavorable to liberty, they had constitutional authority for so doing. What is the object of our Constitution? "To form a more perfect union, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the *blessings of liberty* to ourselves and our posterity."

It could be easily shown wherein Slavery contravenes every item in this preamble. It distracts the Union, destroys domestic tranquillity, exposes us to foreign insult and injury, hinders the general welfare, and prevents us and our posterity from enjoying, as we ought, the blessings of liberty. Can anything be plainer? The difference between light and darkness is not more palpable than is the line of demarkation between the letter and spirit of our Constitution and Slavery.

The Constitution has been violated, with impunity, too long for the peace and welfare of those whom it was intended to protect. Designing and dishonest men have too long ruled, or misruled the nation; and shall we let them continue in their maladministration? Thou thinkest it "somewhat dangerous, in the present state of the people, and the affairs of our country, to place an Anti-Slavery man amongst the political partisans in office." Dangerous to what, or to whom? The cause of liberty, or the person elected? Not the former, of course. And must Anti-Slavery men shrink from a work because of personal danger? Then send the women to Congress. I verily believe we must extend the elective franchise to them, before we can thoroughly succeed in reforming our Government. Let the Abby Kelleys of our land vote, and my word for it, things would soon be in a better condition. JOHN MANN.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1845.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

NEW-YORK, August 14, 1845.

Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

This meeting was held in Boston, last Wednesday afternoon.

The reports of the Treasurer, and Secretary, which we shall extract largely from hereafter, were presented, and adopted. The following, is a list of the officers for the coming year:

President.—Mary Willey.

Vice President.—Helen E. Garrison.

Recording Secretary.—Sarah H. Southwick.

Domestic Corresponding Secretary.—H. Sargent.

Foreign Corresponding Secretary.—M. W. Chapman.

Treasurer.—Harriette M. Jackson.

Counsellors.—Louisa Loring, Margaret Scarlitt, Anne W. Weston, Mary G. Chapman, Hannah Tufts, Eliza F. Merriam.

The thanks of the Society were presented to Mrs. Southwick, (resigned,) for her valuable services as presiding officer; and a vigorous series of measures were put in operation, for the furtherance of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in Faneuil Hall.

The following resolutions were then discussed, and unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That, in consistency with our fundamental principle of the justice, and necessity of immediate emancipation, we deem it our duty to effect it, so far as we are directly implicated, by renouncing all voluntary participation with the slaveholders, in their guilty deed.

2. Resolved, That we will continue, as during the last twelve years, to urge upon the people their duty as individuals, with regard to the slaves, and their duty as members of human society, to sustain a righteous course of public action, for the abolition of Slavery.

3. Resolved, That we will urge upon the consciences of the Legislators of this State, such action as shall immediately relieve the inhabitants of this State from all political participation in slaveholding.

4. Resolved that the Board of officers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society be, and they are hereby requested to prepare the suitable forms, that we may, by the act of petition, at once perform the duty of public withdrawal of all allegiance from our slaveholding Government, and of awakening the consciences, and rebuking the sin of those remaining united with it; thus doing all that we can without compromise with Slavery, to liberate the slaves through the instrumentality of Legislation.

5. Resolved, That abjuring all partisan sectarian, or violent measures, we will continue to stand, as heretofore, on the generous and confiding principle of giving aid in this cause of freedom to all who are willing to receive, and receiving aid from all who are willing to give it, thus strengthening our individuality by the potency of association.

6. Resolved, That we recommend to the Board of the Massachusetts Society, the preparation for general signature, of a remonstrance against ecclesiastical union with slaveholders, to be presented to all the churches of our land.

7. Resolved, That we greatly rejoice in the fact which has just reached us, that one hundred and seventy clergymen of the Unitarian denomination, have adopted an address to their British brethren, whereby they recognize Slavery to be a sin, and pledge themselves, so long as it exists, to labor unceasingly for its extinction.

8. Resolved, That, in this act,—so far as we know the FIRST, of a similar kind, which has not been prompted by hostility to Abolitionists, rather than by friendliness to the cause,—we hail the promise of a happier period in its history, and commend the example to the clergy of all denominations, praying that it may prove the precursor of general, and effectual ecclesiastical action throughout the land.

9. Resolved, That we hereby, respectfully request those clergymen, and all others sympathizing with them, to promote action in their respective societies, in behalf of the Twelfth Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, to be held in Faneuil Hall, on the 22d December next, by means of which, we hope to continue to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the moral feelings on which the signers of that document rely, to effect the abolition of Slavery.

10. Resolved, That we unite in presenting our grateful acknowledgments, in behalf of humanity, to Capt. Judkins, the commander of the steam-packet Cambria, for his noble disregard of republican prejudice against color, and in favor of Slavery, in the case of our highly-esteemed friend Frederick Douglass; and hereby instruct our Secretary to communicate the same.

11. Resolved, That we rejoice to learn that the fidelity of our beloved coadjutors, Douglass, and Buffum, is greatly furthering the progress of Anti-Slavery principles in Ireland, and demonstrating to the world, the untruth of that profession of Anti-Slavery feeling, which, while it claims to be the genuine friend of freedom, can desert the American Abolitionist and the American slave.

12. Resolved, That, in consideration of the astonishing change of public sentiment, in consequence of the labors of the Anti-Slavery Societies, we have the strongest encouragement to go on as we have begun.

13. Resolved, That, while we preserve the business affairs of this enterprise free from entanglement with any other, and hold ourselves religiously bound, strictly to fulfil every trust, and to appropriate the common time, and the common funds for only the common object, we yet rejoice to see, in the fundamental, and universal principles which form the basis of that one, the tendency and the effect to promote every other good enterprise.

14. Considering that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in their recent report on Slavery, wherein slaveholding and Christianity are declared to be compatible, have shown themselves entirely unfit for the work they have undertaken;—namely, the conversion of the heathen world; inasmuch, as in that report are involved principles that conflict alike with natural conscience and the teachings of the New Testament: therefore,

Resolved, That we urge on all the contributors to the funds of the A. B. C. F. M. the duty of an immediate withdrawal of all support from the same; any other course being calculated to impede, rather than promote the progress of genuine Christianity in the world.

SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
Recording Secretary.

Opposition to Annexation.

A circular has reached me, calling on the friends of liberty everywhere, to put forth all their powers to defeat the consummation of the Annexation of Texas. It emanates from the recent Liberty Party Convention, held in Boston, and is signed by Samuel E. Sewall, Chairman, and Elizur Wright, jr. Secretary. Its object is one of paramount importance, and could all be done that it proposes,—"to carry the subject home to every hearth-stone," and arouse the people everywhere to action,—this national iniquity, if not defeated, might at least be delayed, and embarrassed, and great incidental good done in arousing the attention of the people to the whole subject of Slavery.

I doubt, however, the expediency of any movement of this kind, on the part of Liberty party, just now. Setting aside all questions of difference between them and ourselves, I do not believe that they can effect much good. The object is to act directly upon Congress. Liberty party, and the Disunionists combined, can do very little in this way. The only hope is, in arousing the mass of the people, who are not Abolitionists, to act

always feel aggrieved that men will not gather of them, and call the harvest figs, but the fault is his, that he chooses so bad seed, and not theirs who care not to be fed on down.

Dr. Parkman accuses, impliedly, the Abolitionists of a want of courtesy and charity. We confess to no great uneasiness under the accusation. Harder things, and much more difficult to bear, have been so often said of us, that we long ago became care-hardened to any such reproofs. Courtesy we think of far less consequence than candor, and we esteem that charity which would sacrifice the truth through a mistaken sense of kindness, to be a very questionable virtue. Had Dr. Parkman permitted himself to become acquainted with their character and motives, he would long since have learned that the Abolitionists deem their cause too sacred, and are too much in earnest for the slaves' sake, to exercise much forbearance towards pro-slavery in any shape. If they ever stop to pity, it is only where contempt is also merited for imbecility or ignorance. Those whom we condemn may take comfort, if they can, in the reflection that their evil example and influence is of such consequence to attract attention. If we had not noticed the departure for England of these three clergymen, it would have been only because their power of doing mischief was not equal to their will. In their position, as pro-slavery clergymen, they must either take our condemnation or our contempt, and we are perfectly willing to leave it to themselves to say of which they are most deserving.

Here we may let the matter rest, so far as the Standard is concerned. Our only regret is, that in only a single instance was our warning heeded in Great Britain. We trust that when another opportunity occurs, our friends there will look to it that no pro-slavery clergyman shall return to this country with the boast that his character in this particular at home, does not affect his standing abroad. The strongest, and most effective testimony which British Abolitionists can bear against American Slavery, is to refuse Christian fellowship to its abettors.

We have a word, however, still to say for Mr. Haughton. Perhaps even Dr. Parkman may not think us wanting in "courtesy and charity," when informed that the correspondence between himself and that gentleman has been in the hands of one of the editors of this paper, for several weeks, but has been withheld from publication, simply as a matter of courtesy, as the facts were sufficiently brought to the notice of the public, for all anti-slavery purposes, by the communication from the London Inquirer. As the doctor, however, has seen fit to give Mr. Haughton's letter and his own, (from recollection,) the ends of justice will best be gained by the publication of the whole correspondence.—6.

HAITIAN SKETCHES.—No. 9.

The Haitian Emigrant.

I have recently been repeatedly asked if I would advise my friends among the Americans of color, to emigrate to Häiti. I answer at once, unhesitatingly, *I would not;* and the knowledge, that some of them are revolving in their minds plans for emigration, induces me to quit the regular course of my journey, and to bring whatever knowledge I collected in Häiti, to bear, at this moment, upon the point of Häitian emigration.

True—the country is, in beauty, fertility, and desirableness, all that I have described it, and more than language is capable of doing justice to:—true, the inhabitants are kind and hospitable to a degree incredible, in a land like this, where hospitality has been jostled from her throne by the innkeeper, and where both the virtues and inconveniences of an earlier stage of advancement, are superseded by the vices and accommodations of a later one: true, the climate is one that takes from poverty all its terrors, and from destitution all its squalid degradation; so that the coloring which the Northern artist uses to paint his picture of want, would convey no idea of suffering to the Häitian. The picture of

> 'Houseless want, in evil ways
> Wandering ungarmented,"

that Shelley sketches so powerfully to the mind of Old England, and New England, conveys no idea of suffering in a land where clothes are an incumbrance, where life is passed by the bulk of the people out-of-doors, and all the paths are paths of pleasantness.

Yet there is much to be taken into consideration beyond food and warmth, by the man who is contemplating so great a change as change of country; and I will tell what I learned from the representations of emigrants, and what struck my own observation, in the hope that it may prepare the traveller, though it need not prevent the journey.

I will confess, at the beginning, that I do not wish my friends among the colored Americans to seek another land; and they may make what they consider the requisite allowance for the desire on my part to detain them, though I will tell exactly what I heard and saw, unbiased by my wish that this noble and excellent race of Americans may not be driven from their native land by the force of prejudice, but may, in conjunction with the friends of freedom and humanity, of European descent, win for posterity an exemption from the guilt and grief that weigh so heavily upon the present generation.

It is the teaching of religion, of philosophy, and of experience alike, that the blot made upon human nature by the sins of the guilty, can only be effaced by the labors and sacrifices of the innocent; and so I would say to the man of color, and to the Abolitionist, "Let us therefore fill up the measure of the sufferings" incident to our great act of expiation.

I believe that the disappointment sometimes expressed by emigrants from the United States on reaching Häiti, grows more out of the fact that no allowance was made in their minds for the dispiriting effects of home-sickness. Even the inconveniences of a lifetime, have become necessaries, and are, so the stranger foresees when it is too late, more easily borne than the novelty of the new alleviations.

"This is the best country in the world for the poor," said a naturalized American, who had lived many years in the Island,—"no suffering because you have not money to send to the baker. You have only to lift up your hand, (pointing to the thatch, from which hung a cluster of plantains, a yard long,) and a couple of those fingers will make a child a good meal. But I was used to cream, and sugar, and tea, in one of our first city families at home, and I feel very much out of place here."

"What induced you to come?" I asked.

"The prejudice,—nothing else. So it is with most who come here. They feel capable and ambitious, and there is no field for them at home. The more capable they are, the harder they find it to bear up under their persecutions and sufferings. White people always treat us worse when we show a desire for better situations than we have. A party of us came here many years since, and we should have been very happy in the exchange of countries, but for some things. We had thought of one of them before, to be sure, but we never realized all the difference it would make to our feelings and prospects;—*we could not speak the language.* That always stood in our way. We brought out young families with us; and they learned it, easily, and a great many things with it, besides very trying to people well brought up, as we had been. I live here in great comfort—plenty of everything—oranges and pine-apples like potatoes—I can ride two hours in my own land, with a river behind, and a river before: But my daughter, that we all set such store by, is gone off to Saint-Yague, with one of her *'samis*, as she calls them, after the fashion of the Island. They all take up with one another here, for a longer or shorter time, as they fancy, and my poor girl thinks it's all beautiful. But parents should think of this beforehand. It is not the way I wanted to see my family growing up, and I wish I had staid in the States. There's no prejudice against color here, but foreigners find it difficult to get on and rise in the world, especially in the French part. The Spanish part is best for people from the States. We had an idea that where there was no prejudice to encounter, we should be able at once, to take such places in society as our educations and capacities fitted us for; but not knowing the language, or the ways of the country, all our other knowledge and capacity was nothing to the purpose. The people are very jealous of their independence, and don't like foreigners to sustain offices among them. Then those who have any religion at all, are Catholics; and all these Saint's days, and processions, don't seem to us like religion. Sunday is play-day, and market-day, too. I don't say but what there is both liberty and equality here, in one sense, but not entirely in the sense I expected. I used to think at home, that where all were colored, there could be no aristocracy; but it is not so. One of our gentlemen here, Col. ——, or General ——, or he you came consigned to, up on the hill, are just as *high* as the ——'s, or the ——'s, at home. This is a thing that is in men's nature, deeper than the skin. Only they that have been brought up alike, can associate pleasantly together, as a general rule; and so I don't feel at ease here with anybody. The cultivators think, when they come down to market, with their three wives apiece, that *I* am high. I can't help it. I can't get used to their ways."

This was the sum of the feelings from which result discontent with the country. It was the same tale that we heard, variously worded, from a hundred lips. Häiti, with all her wealth of bountiful nature, and redolence of beauty, forms no exception, with the exile, to the general rule, that the land of a man's birth must be dearer to him, from mental association, and physical adaptation, than any other. Even in the Queen of the Antilles, that glowing land that breathes of Paradise,

"The exile's heart hath weary hours."

Not a few of the thoughtless and careless class of emigrants, unaware that a certain amount of labor is the necessary condition of a happy human existence, have been deeply disappointed that in Häiti, as everywhere else, there is *work* to be done by him who expects either happiness or success in life. "We were told," say they, "that it was possible to gather four crops in a year. Well—so it is: but to *reap* four crops, you must *plant* four crops; *there's* the short on't, and we are disappointed to find it so."—c.

This Week's Paper.

The whole of the space usually devoted to Selections, is given this week to the Appeal of Cassius M. Clay, and the proceedings of the City Court of Lexington, in the trial of the rioters. The appeal is manly, energetic, and worthy of the man, and notwithstanding its great length, will be read, I am sure, by everybody, with great interest. Mr. Clay, it is to be hoped, will ere long, assume a higher position than that which he now maintains, and advocate the immediate and unconditional abolition of Slavery, as the only sure and effective eradication of the evil, the effects of which he so clearly sees. Though he does not, however, now agree with us on this and other points, he may be assured that there are none who sympathize with him more strongly in his struggles, or watch his progress with more intense anxiety, than the Northern Abolitionists. However high the standard of duty they hold up for themselves, and all men, there are none who recognize so readily, every earnest effort, however partial it may be, for the abolition of the felon system. It is only hypocritical pretence that they condemn.

Many thanks to our friend "S. S." for his verses.—We are always glad to receive good poetry, but beg our friends to save themselves the trouble of sending that which is not.

The tale on the fourth page, from the New-Orleans Picayune, is a very true index to the state of feeling in many parts of the South, in relation to Abolitionists.—Those demi-savages can conceive of an Abolitionist only as a miserable, skulking, cowardly scoundrel, whose only purpose is to run off negroes.

First Public Meeting of the Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society.

The first meeting of our new Society was held on Wednesday evening, of last week, in the Hall, corner of Lispenard street and Broadway. As no notice was given of the place of meeting, except in the Tribune of that morning, probably but few persons were aware that such an one was to be held, and there were therefore but few present. It was, nevertheless, an interesting meeting. A portion of the evening was occupied by a reformed overseer, who related in a simple but effective way, his experience of the workings of the "Peculiar Institution." His testimony confirmed all that the Abolitionists have ever said of the horrors of Slavery. He reviewed, in part, the recent letters of Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina, showing them to be utterly untrue, so far as they related to the treatment of slaves. It was matter of regret that his statements could not have been made before a pro-slavery audience.

The rest of the evening was consumed in a debate on two resolutions, declaring the pro-slavery character of the Constitution of the United States, and the duty of Abolitionists to announce and advocate the doctrine of "*No union with slaveholders,*" as the most effective instrumentality for the abolition of Slavery. Both sides of the question were advocated by different speakers, but little could be done in so short a time allotted but to open the subject. The zeal and spirit manifested promises an interesting debate hereafter. The meeting adjourned, as will be seen by a notice in another column, to meet again on Wednesday evening next, when the debate will be continued.

Even from this small beginning, I am convinced that we can make some impression upon the people, and awaken some attention to the Anti-Slavery cause, even in this most hopeless of all places, if we make the effort. There were not so many of our friends present at this meeting as there should have been. They owe it to the cause to give to those who are determined to make a trial, a helping hand. Will not every reader of the Standard make it a point to be present on next Wednesday evening, and by his or her voice, or at least by his or her presence, assist in taking away the reproach that the largest city in the Union, is the only one north of Mason and Dixon's line, where the Anti Slavery cause is only heard of once a year? We have a duty to perform in this matter which has been too long neglected. Let it be so no longer. We *can* do something if we will, and it is to our shame if we do not will it. Let none be wanting to themselves and the cause, at this moment, when all are needed.

Freed.

Many of our friends will remember the colored man, Carolina Jones, who has been travelling through the country for a year past, raising funds to purchase his wife and children. He called upon me a few days since, with two intelligent and good-looking boys, who, with two other children, and his wife, he had been enabled to purchase. His eldest son is still in Slavery, as the price asked for him, of several hundred dollars, is beyond his means. The poor man seemed inexpressibly happy, that he had at length a home of his own with nearly all his family in it. The eldest son with him, he has bound to learn a trade, and the others are at school. Those who have contributed to his happiness will be glad to learn of these facts.

The Unitarian Protest.

By the following letter from the Massachusetts (Worcester) Spy, it will be seen that a large portion of the Unitarian clergy do not sanction the Protest which we published in last week's Standard:

To the Editor of the Daily Spy:

In a brief paragraph in your paper of yesterday, respecting the recent Protest against American Slavery, signed by one hundred and seventy Unitarian Ministers, you say, "The Protest seems to have been sanctioned by the denomination generally." I understand that similar statements have appeared in many other papers. As a minister of that body, and a signer of the protest, I lament to have to say that your statement is incorrect. Not fewer than *eighty* ministers of our denomination, more than fifty of whom have charge of congregations, have withheld their names from this protest against Slavery, and among the number, I still more regret to say, are many of the oldest and most influential ministers of the denomination. It is for them not for me to say why they have withheld their names. On the score of spirit, language, and ability of argument, the protest is not wanting in those qualities which all profess to commend and respect. I most sincerely wish that the American Unitarian Minssters were, as a body, entitled to the honor, which your statement implies, of presenting an unbroken front of Christian opposition to the system of American Slavery, that compound of all wrong and subtlety, that "sum of all villainies;" but as this is not the case, it is not right that the belief should gain ground that it is.

As I am writing, I will just add that your remark, that most of the signers of the protest "reside in New England," is correct. The numbers, with a near approach to exactness, are as follows:

Ministers resident in Massachusetts,	125
" " in other N. E. States,	25
" " out of New England,	20
Whole number,	170

No resident of a slaveholding State has signed the Protest. I am, respectfully, yours,

SAMUEL MAY.

Leicester, October 11th, 1845.

PLAGIARISM.—The Cincinnati Philanthropist and Herald contains some beautiful lines, purporting to be written for that paper, entitled "Ye're Gathered," and signed by "J. H. M., Andover, Vermont." The publication of the lines as original, is as bold a literary piracy as ever was perpetrated. They were written by N. P. Willis, years ago, on the death of a class-mate, at Yale College, by the name of Arnold, and though one of his earlier efforts, they are one of his best. This "J. H. M." not satisfied with stealing them, has marred their beauty in two or three instances by dropping a word in several lines.

☞ Notice. ☜

An adjourned meeting of the Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the Hall, corner of Lispenard street, and Broadway, (entrance on Lispenard,) on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

A meeting of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society will be held at this office to-morrow (Friday) evening, at half-past seven o'clock. A punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

Notice.

AN ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT MEETING—will be held this (Thursday) evening, in the Lyceum Hall, Broadway, nearly opposite Niblo's. It is expected that addresses will be made by Caleb Stetson, and John Pierpont, of Massachusetts, and Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and Mr. Holland, of Rochester.

☞ The 27th day of November, is appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise in that State.

☞ At the recent election in Philadelphia, the Native American party was utterly defeated. Judge Bouvier, the Liberty party candidate for Mayor, had just six (baker's) dozen of votes.

☞ Wm. Slade is re-elected Govenor of Vermont by the Legislature, there having been no choice by the people.

RECEIVED.—A box from Hudson, for the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, at Boston. It has been forwarded.

A FREE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION—of the colored people, was held in Geneva, on the 8th instant, the proceedings of which have been sent us, but we have no room for them this week. They resolved to vote for the candidates of either the Democratic or Whig party, who should be in favor of free suffrage.

☞ The communication from our friend in Chester County, was published this week with the intention of replying to it, but the answer was crowded out by other matter. It shall be given next week.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen Days Later from Europe.

On Wednesday of last week, the steam-ship Great Britain arrived at this port, bringing London and Liverpool dates, to the 27th ultimo. As the Standard goes to press on Wednesday morning, we could not give the Great Britain's news in last week's paper. On Saturday, the Hibernia arrived at Boston, with Liverpool dates to the 4th instant. The Great Britain was delayed a day, by running in among the Nantucket shoals. She got off without injury.

The most important news by both these arrivals, relates to the harvests. Wet and boisterous weather for two or three weeks, had materially injured the crops in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The deficiency in wheat, potatoes, barley, oats, peas, and beans, is so great, that much of the supply for food must come from abroad. The crop is short not only in Great Britain, but over nearly the whole of continental Europe. "In Holland and Belgium," says the Mark Lane Express, "the fact is so well ascertained that the Government of the former country has deemed it prudent to reduce the duties on grain to the minimum point, while all restrictions on the import of corn, into Belgium, have been removed for a given period.

"In the Baltic ports, Great Britain must expect to be outbid by the Dutch and Belgians; and in the Black Sea, wheat has lately been brought up to supply Italy, where the crops are stated to have yielded indifferently."

This is the intelligence brought by the Great Britain. It is not changed by that by the Hibernia. The corn market continued firm when she sailed, though 25,845 barrels of flour had been received in Liverpool, from Canada and the States, the week preceding the 30th of September.

The following are the only other items of news by both arrivals:

The English Government has concluded a contract with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for the conveyance of the mails along the West coast of South America, from Valparaiso to Panama, and from that place across the Isthmus to Chagres, where they are to be transferred to the West India Royal Mail Company. This arrangement will turn the whole correspondence along the West coast of South America through England.

The Queen had held a Privy Council, at which Parliament was prorogued from Thursday, the 2d of October, to Thursday, the 27th of November.

The experiment in cultivating crops by means of electricity is a total failure in all parts of Europe.

The Hutchinson family, from Boston, have been giving a series of successful concerts at Liverpool.

The following appears as an advertisement in the Nation of the 20th ultimo:

"*American Slavery.*—Frederick Douglass, recently a slave in the United States, intends to deliver another lecture, in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey street, on Tuesday evening next, 23d instant, at 8 o'clock. Doors to be open at half-past seven o'clock. Admission, by tickets, to be had at the door. Promenade—fourpence. Gallery, twopence."

Missing Packet-Ship England.—Great interest has been excited in England, since the departure of the Cambria, in consequence of a bottle having been picked up, on the 16th of September at sea, four miles southeast of Douglas Head, containing a piece of paper on which was written in pencil, an intimation that the vessel was then in lat. 45 10, lon, 98 7; that she had lost her quarter boats; that there was 10 feet water in her hold, and no vessel is sight. As the greatest possible interest must attach to every thing relating to this ill-fated ship, we give a verbatim copy of this document:—

Packet Ship England,
From Liverpool, December 11th, 1844.
Long. 98. 7. Lat. 45. 10.
[REVERSE.]
Lost quarter-boats, 10-feet water in the hold.
No vessel in sight.

A special meeting of the Repeal Association, was held on the announcement of the death of Mr. Davis, late editor of the Nation, and an eulogium on his character, delivered by John O'Connell. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp.

FRANCE.—The Marseilles journals state that Don Carlos and his consort have at length been released from the captivity in which they have been kept by their kinsman Louis Phillippe.

The Paris Moniteur announces that the Government will soon publish precise accounts of the character and progress of the disease in potatoes, with the best means of preventing its development, and of using this year's crop without danger to the health of men and animals.

LATE FROM HAITI.—By the arrival of the brig Forest at this port, from Port-au-Prince, we learn that there was an outbreak at Loogano about the 25th ultimo. Its purpose was to overthrow the present Government, and reinstate Herrera in power. It was, however, promptly repressed, and forty of the leaders captured, twenty of whom were immediately shot, and out of twelve who were tried, nine were condemned to a like fate, but are awaiting the orders of the President. Everything was quiet when the Forest sailed on the 28th.

Eleven Days Later from Mexico.

The Josquin has arrived at New Orleans, from Vera Cruz, having sailed thence on the 26th of September. Our files are complete from the city of Mexico to the 20th ult. and from Vera Cruz, to the 22d.

The following items of intelligence we glean from the N. O. Picayune, of the 9th instant:

On the 15th, Gen. Herrera was formally proclaimed President of the Republic.

A letter is given to the public from Gen. Inclan, the brave defender of Puebla against Santa Anna, in which he announces to the Secretary of War, that on the 14th ult. General Cosme Furlong had offered the services of twenty-six battalions, four regiments, and one brigade of artillery, in defence of the Supreme Government, and the national territory. These troops were first organized by the city of Puebla, when the French squadron lay off Vera Cruz. They have thus again been placed at the disposition of the Government, and great expectations are entertained of the good effects of the example set by Puebla.

One of the papers of the interior, speaking of the reported arrival of Gen. Gaona's division at Matamoras, exclaims: "Heaven grant that it may be true, and that it may not be composed of more officers than soldiers, and that it has carried with it the means of subsistence; because, if it comes to die of hunger, as has been almost the case with the troops now there, instead of improving, it will only aggravate our condition." The article goes on in this strain, showing that the troops near the frontier are almost totally disorganized for want of the necessary resources.

Every Mexican paper we open, speaks of a war for the recovery of Texas, as a matter of course. There is no longer any talk about a declaration of war, but the plan seems to be to go about the re-conquest of Texas at the earliest convenience of the Government and people.

Later from Texas.

By the arrival of the steamship Cincinnati, from Aransas, at New-Orleans, on the 7th instnat, we have news from Galveston to the 4th, Houston and Washington to the 30th ult.

The Houston Morning Star says, that among the items of news recently received from Mexico, is one that the Mexican Government has sent seven emissaries to Texas, to excite an insurrection among the slaves, to induce them to act in concert with the Mexican troops, if war should be declared by Mexico against the United States. In one of the letters received from Mexico, it is mentioned that one of these emissaries had returned, and reported that he had been successful. To what extent he had succeeded, does not appear, from the Mexican journals.

The following were the instructions touching the debts and lands of Texas:

Should it be stipulated that Texas is to pay her own debts, she will of course retain the absolute disposal of all the public lands, and should the States assume our debts, the public lands may be relinquished to them, but in the latter case, allowance for schools, colleges, internal improvements, &c. ought to be made, and the salt lakes and springs retained.

General Items.

☞ *The Mormon War* has probably ended for the present. The Convention at Carthage, composed of delegates from nine counties, unanimously determined that the Mormons could not, and should not remain longer than till next spring. Some were for having them start immediately this fall, while they had something to go with. The most of them having raised a good crop this season, and no real estate to dispose of, could go better this fall than in the spring. Others thought they had better give them until spring to get off, if they behaved well until then, which was finally agreed upon. But where will they go? No State or Territory where they are known will have them, or hardly allow them to pass through the country. California is said to be the place of their destination.

Gen. Hardin had arrested Backenstos, and, it was said, intended to send him to Springfield, with what object we are not informed. Nauvoo was quiet, and Gen Hardin had left the place with the forces under his command.—*Tribune.*

☞ *Fifteen of the Delhi Prisoners* started for the Clinton Prison, on Monday, in the presence of a large concourse of people. Northrop appeared penitent, and Brisbane was much affected, but the rest appeared quite indifferent. The former will probably be released, as was suggested by the Court, at the end of two years.

The correspondent of the Express states, that Major Marvin, the commander of the forces at Delhi, for additional security against an attempt to rescue O'Conner, and Van Steenburg, now under sentence of death, has ordered all the outposts about the village to be doubly guarded, and several new ones established. Four soldiers are stationed on the hill back of the jail, another piquet across the river, and one, two, or three miles above and below Delhi; and the patrol in the village is also doubled. From intimations which have met his observation an attempt to rescue is somewhat apprehended.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Paine Again.—The National Intelligencer informs us, that the noted Mr. Paine who has been shot at and robbed so many times, was again fired at with an air-gun, on Monday night last, about eight o'clock, as he was conversing with two gentlemen under the piazza, in front of the United States Hotel. The editors of the Intelligencer have seen and examined Mr. Paine's hat, which is perforated in front with a large slug—which, had it struck a little lower, must have passed through Mr. Paine's head and killed him on the spot.

The Methodist Troubles.—We publish in another column the late proceedings of the Illinois annual conference.—The conference, it will be seen, rebels against the division of the Church by the recent convention in this city and means to nullify. If an attempt be made to carry out the resolutions of the Illinois conference, we shall see sights. The tarring and feathering of the ministers of God by their brethren in the Lord, will we fear, be a common occurrence.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Mission of English Friends.—A member of the Society of Friends, at Richmond, Indiana, in a note, expresses himself greatly pleased with the conduct of the English Friends, who have visited this country with a view to heal the difference among their brethren here. We understand that on passing through Maryland they were ordered to leave the State! Can this be so? Our correspondent says, that their counsel is given in great meekness, and with engaging reserve.—*Cin. Herald.*

Another Flare-up at Parkersburg, Va.—The Ohio Conference of the Methodist Church, at its last session in Cincinnati, stationed Rev. John Dillon, at Parkersburg, to succeed Rev. Azra Brown, on the recommendation, as it was supposed, of the latter. The Church is about equally divided for and against receiving a minister from the Ohio Conference. Those who were in the negative closed the church doors against Mr. Dillon on Sabbath morning, and refused to let him in. He succeeded in getting in, however, as we learn from the Marietta Intelligencer, and preached. An indignation meeting was held the next day, and a committee of sixty was appointed to wait upon him and notify him that he must remove or be removed by force! Rev. A. Brown, when he returned to town to remove his family, was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers! Neither of these gentlemen are charged with abolitionism, yet such proceedings are tolerated in open day. Half of the church want a minister from the Ohio Conference, and they are denied the privilege of having or hearing one.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

Baptist State Convention.—The Detroit Express states that the Baptist State Convention was held at Northville, in that county, on Wednesday last. They took the preliminary proceedings for the foundation of a theological Seminary, and authorized the immediate commencement of operations. It will probably be erected at Kalamazoo.

More trouble in the Hollis street church.—We learn from the Boston Post, that the Hollis street church has made a present to the Rev. John Pierpont of five thousand dollars, being part of the fund of the church. The society has entered an injunction against the proceedings, and the result will have to be determined in a court of law.

In Baltimore, a physician has been detected in buying negroes' teeth at 25 cents each. The refusal of a colored woman to let him draw her two upper front teeth, according to contract, created a row on Tuesday night last, between whites and blacks, in which both parties suffered some.

Serpentine.—A quarry of the most beautifully variegated marble, commonly called Serpentine, has been lately discovered in Florida, a few miles from this village. Specimens which surpass the Egyptian, in beauty and variety of colors, and susceptibility of polish, have been shown us, which we learn are a fair sample of an inexhaustible mass. An enterprising company have purchased the quarry, and preparations are being made to work it. The grain is finer, and the structure more compact than that of the other marble in this region, and when polished in thin slabs, the clouds and different shades of color are of great beauty.—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

Vermont Asylum for the Insane at Brattleboro'.—By the Ninth Annual Report, which is just published, this Institution appears to be in a prosperous condition. The buildings have been enlarged this season, by the increase of about 80 additional rooms, affording greater accommodations, and improving the means of classification; 462 patients have enjoyed its advantages the past year, 99 have been discharged, and 263 now remain. Of those discharged, 59 have recovered.

Hon. John Q. Adams.—This venerable and distinguished citizen is compelled to decline addressing the New-York Bible Society, according to conditional agreement, in consequence of the feeble state of his health.

Debate on Slavery.—The debate on Slavery between Rev. Mr. Rice, and Rev. Mr. Blanchard, at Cincinnati, terminated on the 6th. It occupied 24 hours. About three thousand people were in attendance. Mr. Rice defended, and Mr. Blanchard opposed the existence of Slavery.

The Smallpox is prevailing to an unexampled extent in the upper part of the State. The Batavia Times says that in the village of Alexander, eight cases occurred in one day. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages are preparing to fence up the roads, to cut off all communication with the place.

The Boston Post says that Mr. Paine the "great shot at," wears a mail shirt; so that the only parts vulnerable to the secret and silent bullets of the vindictive demon that pursues him are his head and shanks.

Flour Speculators.—Agents for the Boston flour dealers got into Albany, on Wednesday morning, with the news by the Great Britain. They procured a locomotive at Worcester, with which they came to Springfield, thence on a hand car to Pittsfield, and thence with horses to Albany. They had all the forenoon to themselves at Albany, besides having despatched expresses for the West by the morning train. At noon the regular Boston train came in with the news, when Messrs. Livingston & Wells started an Express to the West, expecting to overtake the morning train at Auburn, but they probably did not much before reaching Rochester.—[*Syracuse Journal*, 16.

NOTICES.

WALKER AND MOODY

Will lecture at the following times and places, on the claims of the American slave, the guilt of Northern and Southern slaveholders, and the duties of American freemen. Every true lover of liberty will feel it a privilege to give them a hospitable reception, and to contribute in every possible way to the success of their mission.

Friday,	Oct. 24,	Groton.
Saturday,	" 25,	Pepperell.
Sunday,	" 26,	Townsend.
Monday,	" 27,	Shirley.
Tuesday,	" 28,	Harvard.
Wednesday,	" 29,	Boxboro'.
Friday,	" 31,	Stow.
Saturday,	Nov. 1,	Sudbury.
Sunday,	" 2,	Framingham.
Tuesday,	" 4,	Southboro'.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
General Agent.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

Friday and Saturday,	Oct. 24 and 25,	at Quincy.
Sunday,	" 26,	Weymouth.
Monday and Tuesday,	" 27 and 28,	Hingham.
Wednesday,	" 29,	Scituate.
Thursday and Friday,	" 30 and 31,	Marshfield.
Saturday,	Nov. 1,	Duxbury.
Sunday,	" 2,	Kingston.
Monday and Tuesday,	" 3 and 4,	Plymouth.
Wednesday and Thursday,	5 and 6,	Pembroke.

It is the intention of Mr. Pillsbary to make the circuit of Plymouth county without delay. Due notice will be given for the remaining towns.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.
General Agent.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

A series of Lectures will be delivered before the *Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society*, upon successive Sunday evenings, at Mechanic Hall, at 6 1-2 o'clock.

The Introductory Lecture will be given by

JOHN W. BROWN, of Boston,

on Sunday evening, Oct. 19th.

The remainder of the course to be delivered by the following gentlemen, viz:

JEREMIAH B. SANDERSON, of Lynn;
WM. H. CHANNING, of New-York;
CHARLES STETSON, of Medford;
THEODORE PARKER, of West Roxbury, (*Monday eve,*) *Nov. 17th.*
JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston;
CHARLES L. REMOND, of Salem.

A collection, to defray the expenses of the Hall will be taken.

All persons are respectfully invited to attend.

ELIZA J. KENNY, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Salem, Oct. 5, 1845.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

The tenth annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the city of Providence, commencing on Wednesday, the 29th of October.

Friends are invited to attend. Refreshments will be provided, for such as wish, by the Ladies Society.

AMARANCY PAINE, Sec.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your dilligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trust ing that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker, *Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew, *Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim, *Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless, *Martha Carman,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh, *Sarah M. Douglass,*
Elizabeth J. Neall, *Margaret Jones,*
Olive Bacon, *Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney, *Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney, *Teresa K. Hallowell,*
Sarah Child.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS

Anti-Slavery Fair,

TO BE HELD IN

FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The undersigned, deeply sensible of the obligations of those who begin a work of beneficent reform to carry it forward to the end of their lives, have determined to continue, during the present, as in the eleven preceding years, to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the feelings which alone can effect the abolition of Slavery.

If we needed fresh stimulus in a work, which perpetually renews the devoted spirit, we could not fail to find it in the present condition of our country. The supporters of Slavery, perceiving that the practice and the preaching of a higher morality, endangers the perpetuity of their system, hope by the annexation of Texas to maintain the balance of power in its favor. But Freedom can gain at the North faster than Slavery at the South, if those who call themselves friends of Freedom, will but labor with zeal and diligence in her behalf.

Our appeal is, in an especial manner, to those who are newly awakened to the nature of Slavery, and its unavoidable termination in political subjugation, and national ruin:—and, who earnestly desire to avoid the fatal consequences of the atrocious deed of Texan Annexation. If the people were awake to the importance of this question of Annexation to the welfare, to the honor, to the very existence of the UNITED STATES, *as such*, they would speak with one voice from every city, county and town throughout the free States, in that decisive tone which would settle the question in the negative at once and forever:—which would sunder any such connection already formed, as threads are parted by flame.

It is to awaken—to inform—to inspire the American people with a sense of what they owe their times, their race, and themselves, that we propose this effort, to be carried on through the year, and to be concluded in December next, with THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS A. S. FAIR. Wherever, the country over, there is a single person professing an interest in the cause, whose eye this shall meet, let that person instantly commence operations for THE FAIR, and interest as many others as possible for its success.

We have the pleasure of announcing to those who have aided us the last year, that but little remains on hand of the contributions of the last Fair. The whole will have been converted into money before the next, and employed in supplying lecturers and publications. Let no one shrink from the duty of aiding us, because he does not deem the Anti-Slavery lecturers and publications the best possible;—our object is to arouse those whose office it *should* have been to bear the truth to us: those whom all confess to be, by their prudence, mildness, judiciousness, and position, rightly qualified for the work we have undertaken, if they could but be induced to undertake it. From among these, we fervently hope, will arise, such as shall put to shame all former advocates, by their devotedness, their zeal, their diligence, and their disinterestedness.

We request for the cause's sake, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery working clubs, for the aid of THE FAIR. Men can do as much for it as women, by furnishing the requisite funds; by making articles for it, as time permits,—the best specimens of their mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing skill,—by sending the fruits of their agricultural industry. We ask not for the formation of sewing-circles *only*, but for working-clubs of every description. They may be made the medium of a happier social intercourse than commonly prevails. They may be reading societies and working societies, while their object is the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause.

We ask of all our friends, and the friends of the cause, and the opposers of Texan Annexation throughout the country, to take the action above indicated. We ask of all such in this city, donations of money or materials, or orders for such articles as they prefer to purchase at the Fair.

Of the opposers of Annexation, we feel that we have a double *right* to ask aid: for have not *our* efforts aroused them to a sense of the danger and the wrong, and are not *their* efforts consequently due to awaken those who yet slumber over it? It is not more imminent now, than during all these years between 1835 and 1845, which they have slept away, while we watched and worked. Requite, now, to others, the good for which we should scorn the thought of a return to ourselves. We desire only to give the advantage of our personal exertions and experience in making this requital as extensively beneficial as economy and knowledge of the ground can do.

Donations and communications may be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN, 25 Cornhill, office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or to either of the undersigned:—

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,
SARAH S. RUSSEL,
SARAH B. SHAW,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LAVINIA HILTON,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARIA LOWELL,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
LOUISA LORING
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHERINE SARGENT,
M. A. W. JOHNSON,
CAROLINE WESTON,
ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
MARY YOUNG,
HARRIET M. JACKSON,
MARY F. ROGERS.
ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARY WILLEY,
MARIAN FULLER.
AN

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FEELING HEART.

(TO A FRIEND.)

Oh! there are hearts that beat alone
Unto the music of kind words;
The harshness of a look or tone,
Is anguish to their trembling cords.

And from the world's unfeeling stare,
Wherein light scorn, or hate appears,
They sadly shrink, and from despair
Find refuge and relief in tears.

Life unto them oft seems a chain
Of sacrifices linked together—
A day of more dark clouds and rain,
Than clear and fair sun-shiny weather.

Though sometimes it wears glorious hues
Of gladness, and unearthly bliss,
And blessed hope and love diffuse,
Through all their yearning loneliness.

If they have trials deeper far
Than other, colder hearts may know,
The light that fills joy's changeful star,
Oft hath for them a brighter glow.

This thou hast known, my truthful friend,
In what of time hath wandered by,
And shalt unto its hastening end—
For all thy tender sympathy.

And what if 'mid the scenes of earth,
Our grief and anguish may be keen,
If buds from them are started forth,
Whose sweets shall fill another scene?

The heart baptized in sorrow here,
By wrong, and stern affliction worn,
Is fitter for that glorious sphere,
Whose day is one Eternal Morn.

The mind unwarmed by sympathy
For suffering in its earthly track,
May glitter like a frozen sea—
But gives not Heaven's image back!

It is the soul of tenderness
And woe, which feels another's pains;
That succors poor unclothed Distress,
And pleadeth for the wronged in chains.

The records of high actions bear
The names of those whose hearts are kind—
Love haunteth Greatness everywhere—
United by Love, all Power is blind.

It is the Pioneer of Right—
Clears for its march the tardy way,
And bears through every moral fight,
The heat and burden of the day! S. S.

From Motherwell's Poems.

THE EXPATRIATED.

No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me;
The forest is tuneless;
Its brown leaves fast fall—
Changed and withered, they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the Wanderer's head;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him—good day!

Good day!—I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,
Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air.
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame?
Good day! wholesome diet,
A proud heart to tame.

Now the sun dusks his glories
Below the blue sea,
And no star its splendor
Deems worthy of me;
The path I must travel,
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage in hate.

My country! my country!
Though step-dame thou be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cleaves fondly to thee;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly,—
And, O! it bled free,
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry;
And, O! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand,—
The freedom to break in
The stranger's cold land!

From the Dublin Nation.

OUR FAITH.

The slave may sicken of his toil,
And at his task repine—
The manly arm will dig the soil
Until it reach the mine;
No toil will make the brave man quail,
No time his patience try,
And if he use the word "to fail,"
He only means—"to die."

What is a year in work like ours?
The proudest ever planned—
To stay Oppression's withering powers,
And free our native land!
Oh! many a year were bravely past,
And many a life well lost,
If blessings such as these, at last,
Were purchased at their cost!

The seed that yields our daily bread
Not for a year we reap,
But when the goodly grain we spread,
We hold the labor cheap—
Yet ere the winter's snow appears,
Must other seeds be sown,
For man consumes the golden ears
As quickly as they're grown.

Not so the harvest Freedom yields,
'Twill last for ages long,
If those who till her glorious fields,
Be steadfast, brave, and strong;
Shall we, then, hopelessly complain,
Because its growth is slow,
When thousands die before the grain
Is ripened, which they sow?

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

Author of Travels in Ireland; and, in conjunction with de Tocqueville, of "Penitentiary System of the United States."

(Translated for the Standard)

CHAPTER XI.

The Trial—in Continuation.

"The departure of George threw me again into dejection, and disgust of life. To part with a friend during the days of misfortune, is to lose the stay that strengthens our weakness;—the ray of light—sole joy of a gloomy dungeon, whose withdrawal leaves the captive to the horror of darkness.

"The end of my term of trial approached. Only two months, and I should again behold the daughter of Nelson; but how great was the change that had taken place in my soul since my departure from Baltimore!

"The love of Marie was still the grand interest of my life; but it no longer filled my soul alone. I still looked forward to happiness in the future, but I no longer anticipated that futurity of boundless happiness that the sister of George had brought before my hope. There is, in youthful love, that sincere trust in the future that laughs at the idea of disaster, and which a breath of ill-fortune suffices to disperse. During my illusion, I could with difficulty admit that I should find any bitterness mingled in the delicious cup of existence Now, I was ready to thank God if, in the bitter chalice of life, I should find some drops of happiness.

"My heart was full of Marie, but my love was necessarily inseparable from the ills that threatened us. My inquietude sprung up afresh, my sufferings became more severe, and even hesitation dared to present itself again to my mind.

"A singular mental process took place within me; the approach of my union with my beloved, terrified me, and yet the two last months of trial weighed me down as with an overwhelming burden.

"I felt myself consumed by the burning fever of dreamy meditation. A thousand projects, as soon abandoned as conceived, succeeded each other in my thoughts. I was at the same time the prey of an overpowering sluggishness, and of a moral activity which gave my mind no respite. My unoccupied life was filled with tormenting anxiety and agitation. What I endured was not that uncertainty of soul which feels a thousand desires without the means of supplying them, and which, for want of aliment, devours itself:—my passions looked straight to their goal; my fate of mingled joy, and suffering, was fixed. But I did not even possess the resource of the wretched who are occupied by their actual misery; for I was in present possession of nothing but my ennui, my impatience, and my anticipations.

"I fixed my eyes on the gloomy future, and essayed, but in vain, to penetrate its mysteries. The utmost effort of my sight was to see in the distance, a mass of mingled good and ill.

"I could not love Marie without happiness, nor live in American society with a woman of color, without frightful suffering. But what would be the sum total of the pain, as compared with the pleasure? How was this division of good and evil fortune to be made? Would not the weight of ills exceed our strength? Would heaven send us at intervals, a calm bright day, to dry up the damps of the storm, and give us repose from the shocks of the hurricane?

"In looking at the distant boundaries of the horizon, that my reveries had greatly extended, I sought for some cheering light; but, alas! I most frequently saw only sad and gloomy clouds. Sometimes, in my weakness, I bent under discouragement; then, again, proudly raising my head, I asked myself if these threats which hung over the future, might not be exorcised.

"In the midst of these alternations of strength and infirmity, of courage and despair, a great thought struck me. It rose luminous before my spirit, filled me with enthusiasm, and reanimated in my bosom the half-extinguished flame of my earlier hopes.

"I had just seen American society governed by a prejudice which wounded my reason, my interest, and my heart. Must this prejudice endure eternally? I could not credit it. I continually heard it said that public opinion was every day becoming more enlightened. Would it, then, be impossible to hasten this march of mind? How glorious the lot of the man called by his genius or by his destiny, to redress so fatal an error! If *I* were but that man!—if *I* might but annihilate among the Americans this blind and cruel hatred! I should not only have the merit and the joy of a noble action, but I should also receive happiness as a recompense. The odious prejudice which stigmatizes the black race, being corrected, Marie would no longer be contemned among women! Yes! I would undertake great things. I would shine in letters and in arts! My ambition may well be boundless, for the field is immense. One conquest would be the warrant of another. If I could but rise to celebrity! If in this unhackneyed land, I might, through the medium of poetic inspiration, cause virgin souls to vibrate with enthusiasm! Then should I become a mighty man in this country, where public opinion is sovereign. Then would I say to a people, wont to listen to my words:—'The woman that you hate, I love. You cast contempt upon her; I surround her with my adoration. A woman of color, you say!—you mistake—she is an angel, rather than a woman. No human being is equal to Marie. She is so beautiful!—and so much modesty is the ornament of her beauty! She is brilliant; and how many graces does nature mingle with her talents, to make them pleasing! She is unfortunate; and what melancholy sweetness exhales from her tears!'

"If I found any insensible to my voice, I would reanimate the chisel of Phidias, and exhibit to every eye the lovely features of my friend. I would say, 'Look at this chiseled head,—this pure, frank forehead! What stain dishonors its beauty? Where is the blot with which you reproach it? This marble dazzles your sight, but the face of Marie is more dazzling still.'

"And the world, carried away by my words, was to prostrate itself at the feet of my idol!

"Such was my project. It was a bold thought, but it was a generous and beautiful one. How admirable was it as an end! What glory would attend upon success! how rich was its recompense! It was necessary in order thus to win happiness, that I should become a celebrated artist or an illustrious poet. Marie would be honored among women, if I should become great among men. My heart bounded at this sublime thought, impatient as it was to bear to my mind the noble inspirations that the head alone never gives.

"Alas—why should I entertain you longer with a project which was but a new illusion in my life, and which I was obliged to abandon, even before undertaking it? My error was, perhaps, excusable; for might I not hope to find in America, a taste for literature and the fine arts?

"These grand forests, at the very gates of cities, these deep and everlasting solitudes, where still dwells the genius of the earlier ages; these Indians, simple-minded, but strong-hearted; subject to great miseries, yet happy in their wild liberty; this beautiful sky, these giant rivers, with their torrents, and cataracts, this continent washed by two oceans, these great lakes which are so many seas; all this poetry of nature had made me think that there must needs be poetry in the hearts of men. But I was speedily disenchanted."

Here Ludovic stopped, as if he had exhausted his recital, but his last words had keenly excited the curiosity of the traveller, who thus replied:

"I am, with you, indignant, at the fatal prejudice, of which you were the victim, for all my sympathies are, like yours, for an unfortunate race; and while you told me of your determination to attempt the elevation of the blacks in America, by the influence of reason and genius, I applauded your noble enterprise from the bottom of my heart. How could you so quickly relinquish a hope so beautiful?"

"You cannot comprehend," replied Ludovic, "the obstacle which suddenly arrested my course. I must, in order to attain my purpose, rely on poetry—on the fine arts—on imagination and enthusiasm; as if their influence, which is a moral power, could avail amongst a matter-of-fact, commercial, industrial people!"

"But this nation," replied the traveller, "is not the cradle of Fulton, only; does its literary genius take no pride in having brought forth Franklin?—Irving?—Cooper?"

"No!" said Ludovic, with quickness. "You have not the slightest comprehension of this country. I must unseal your eyes."

As the solitary uttered these words, mournful accents were heard above their heads; and casting their eyes towards the summit of the rock at the foot of which they were seated, they perceived several Indian women, standing in a circle, making preparations for a funeral ceremony. The attention of the traveller was excited, and he rose. Ludovic's recital being interrupted, they both looked in silence towards the spot.

The tears and lamentations of these women, and the pious duty that they were fulfilling, were in commemoration of a sad catastrophe which had recently occurred in this solitude, the circumstances of which were very affecting.

Not far from Ludovic's cottage, lived Manteo, an Indian hunter of the Ottawa tribe, who had married while yet very young, a girl named Oneda, distinguished not only for the beauty of her features, but still more for the goodness of her heart. Nothing could equal her tenderness for her husband, who cherished and loved her alone, contrary to the Indian custom of taking several wives. [Here follows a note on the North American Indians, which we forbear for the present to translate.] Some years flowed on, during which nothing troubled the course of this happy union. Never had savage life produced two happier beings than Oneda and Manteo.

Manteo was renowned in his tribe as a skilful hunter, and an intrepid warrior;—not a young Indian girl who did not look with a jealous eye on the happiness of Oneda; and not a mother who was not ambitious to secure for her daughter, a protector like Manteo. Such as could make pretensions to his alliance, represented to him that a brilliant prospect was before him;—that the Ottawa tribe was about to select him as its chief, but that his exclusive attachment to Oneda put an obstacle in the way. A warrior so powerful as he, they said, had need of several women, in order to entertain suitably the numerous guests attracted by his renown.

This discourse having stimulated his pride, and inflamed his ambition, he contracted a new marriage with the daughter of an Indian chief, but he did not at first confess this to Oneda, whose just reproaches he feared; but by way of preparing her for the misfortune, he announced an intention of taking a second wife. He had, he said, determined to do so entirely on her account, as the burden of household labors was too great, and her weakness needed aid.

Oneda received this declaration with every token of the liveliest grief. She employed words, so full at once of tenderness, and energy, to combat the project of Manteo, that he instantly perceived the impossibility of obtaining any concession from her.

Then, rending the veil which had covered a part of the reality, he declared that all resistance on her part would be vain, that his choice had been long made, and that, the very next day, he should bring home his new wife. Oneda seemed stupefied by the words. "You reduce me to despair," she said to Manteo, and her tears flowed abundantly.

Despising these threatenings of sorrow, the Indian made proclamation of his new marriage, and caused a great feast to be prepared, to which he invited the whole tribe.

The day following, as soon as the preparations for the feast began, Oneda left her hut, and seated herself at some distance. Pensive, and desolate, she seemed a stranger to what was passing around her, and her fixed and gloomy look, announced that she was revolving some fatal design in her mind.

All the Indians beings assembled, Manteo and his bride, with their respective families, were seen advancing, amid a thousand joyous shouts. A single sorrow amid so much of joy, would have been unsuited to the scene, so no one thought of Oneda, unless it were Manteo, who stifled the remorseful remembrance.

But in the midst of the gayety of the feast, a young woman was seen slowly ascending the path which led to the summit of the rock. Soon they recognized Oneda, who, having reached the top, called Manteo with a loud voice, deploring his inconstancy and his cruelty, and the light wind, which rose at the moment, bore her words even to the place of festival.—Then they heard her singing in tones of lament, the happiness she enjoyed while she possessed the undivided affection of her husband. They felt at once, that it was her death-song that she sung. The sounds of that voice, still so dear, borne by the breeze, to the soul of Manteo,—the contrast of those sinister accents with the joyful songs of the festival, filled the heart of the Indian with deep feeling and rending remorse. He sprang towards the rock, he called Oneda, he swore that he loved, that he would never love but her. While he spoke, his feet hardly touched the ground as he scaled the steep rock. All the guests approached the spot, pity and terror in every soul. The Indians, who had guessed the fatal intention of the young woman, hastened to the foot of the rock, that they might receive her in their arms. Each one cried aloud to her, entreating her, in the tenderest terms, not to execute her project. Already has Manteo gained the summit of the rock.

"Oneda! Oneda!" he cried. "Manteo is a traitor!" replied the young Indian woman.

"Pardon, my beloved! my heart is yours alone! Wait—wait but an instant!"

And as Manteo, all breathless with his haste, was about to seize his wife, and fold her in his arms, Oneda, who had just uttered the last sounds of her funeral hymn, threw herself from the top of the rock into the lake, where she perished in the sight of all.

This sad event spread mourning among the Ottawas, and was, especially, a subject of great grief among the women, who prepared a tomb upon the very rock, which was the theatre of the catastrophe.

Every day since the funeral, the Indian women had met on this spot, to weep the poor Oneda. It was the third time that they had paid this tribute of tears to the memory of the affecting catastrophe, when they were overheard by Ludovic, and the traveller.

The two latter approached, and saw them light a fire upon the grave, and prepare the feast of the dead. Each one threw some fragrant grains into the flame, hoping thus to attract the soul of the unhappy wife, by the perfume they exhaled upon the air. They sung, in turn, stanzas of a funeral hymn, and repeated in chorus:

Weep for Oneda: she, poor insensate one, loved Manteo! Manteo loved her not.

Oneda served Manteo faithfully; she was quick to prepare his dwelling; sad at the departure of her husband, joyful at his return; attentive to the tale of the hunter; happy evermore in his love.

Weep for Oneda! She loved him who loved her not.

When man says to woman, "Thou art my slave, thy destiny is to serve me, thou shalt dwell with my other women, like them thou shalt be faithful in spite of my inconstancy, and without having my tenderness, thou shalt give me thy love;" the woman, at this language, feels her wretchedness, bides her tears, and resigns herself. But when man promises to love her alone, then she dreams of happiness, and is but the more miserable, for man will be faithless.

Weep for Oneda, &c.

If man knew what passes in the heart of woman, if he knew that her tenderness, and her weakness, had need of strength and love, and that the inconstancy of the being she has cherished, inflicts upon her the most fearful sufferings—but man dreams not of it; other cares occupy him. He must become a famous hunter, or a mighty warrior. While he traverses the savannas, the poor Indian-woman remains in grief and isolation.

Pity Oneda! &c.

When I quitted the tribe of the Miamis, to enter the dwelling of my husband, it was in the midst of the flower-month. The forest was filled with touching voices and tender murmurs; I felt within my heart the spark that would have sufficed to light my being—but I met a cold soul, and the flame of love is extinct in my heart.

Pity Oneda! &c.

Why weep for Oneda! She is no longer on earth, but she dwells in heaven. There she is beloved by a brave, hospitable, and generous warrior, who cherishes her alone. She inhabits a fertile and delicious country, where the deer are as numerous as the sprigs of grass on the prairie which bounds lake Saginaw. The lakes are never frozen by winter, nor the water of the fountains dried up by the burning heat of summer.

Ay! but felicity supreme, is to find again in heaven the beloved of earth; and the soul of the faithless Manteo, cannot have the same dwelling-place, as the soul of the pure Oneda. Weep for Oneda!

Then the young Indian women, after having renewed the feast of the dead, retired in silence.

Ludovic had already beheld one of these scenes of mourning, varying only in form; but all was new to the traveller, who was surprised to find among savages, language for the expression of such sorrows.

This incident having suspended the recital of Ludovic, he conducted the traveller back to the cottage.

The next day, the latter recalled to his host the promise he had made; and while they were walking under the arches of the forest, their minds still filled with the impressions of the previous evening, the traveller began:—"All in America offends your sight, and wounds your heart: how is it that this virgin land should enchant my soul, and fill it with sweet emotions? These Indian women have shown me, in their simple feasts, and in their pious sorrow, the image of primitive innocence. Thus, after having seen among the Americans, all the marvels of art, I find on the same soil, all that is most touching in nature. Ah, I see the cause of your feelings; you were wretched because you were unjust."

Ludovic at first heard these words without any reply. He conducted the traveller to the place where they sat the previous evening, and reflected for some moments, his head bent upon his knees, and then spoke:

"You think me unjust towards America, when it is you, my friend, who are so towards me. Ah! you know not how sincere was my admiration of this country; and I cannot tell you what tears and what regret the disenchantment has cost me. During the first months following my departure from Baltimore, pre-occupied as I was with a single thought, I confess I saw in American society, only the mutual relations of whites and persons of color; and the revolting injustice of Americans towards a wretched race, had, I acknowledge, inspired me with a general prepossession against them.

"But when my imagination had conceived projects of glory,—when, wishing to render to Marie her rank, and her dignity, I had understood that I must, in the first place, mingle with the men and things of this country, I ceased to contemplate American society in a single point of view; and soon, the illusion of a new hope changing the face of the prism, I saw everywhere, among the Americans, virtues in the place of vices, and brilliant lights instead of shadows.

"Though this impression was fleeting, it is not yet entirely effaced; and if the American character no longer dazzles, it has still, in my eyes, some gentle lights.

"How much I admired in America the sociability of the inhabitants! The absence of classes and ranks forbids the existence, in this country, of aristocratic pride, or of popular insolence.

"Here all men, equal among each other, are always ready to render mutual service, without the benefactor disquieting himself beforehand as to the rank and fortune of him he obliges.

"Nothing is more favorable to sociability than this mediocrity of condition. Neither the poor nor the rich are sociable; the first because he has need of every one, without being able to render a service to any one; the second because he has need of money, paying for what he receives, and rendering nothing else in return.

"In all countries where ranks are distinctly marked, the aristocracy and the lowest class of the people struggle perpetually together; one armed with its luxury, and its contempt, the other with its misery and hatred; both with their pride.

"The inferior class, striving in vain to elevate itself, throws insult at the mark that it cannot attain. It has all the injustice that characterizes the oppressed, and all the violence that marks weakness. The man of the higher class falls into the same excess from another cause. When he treats his inferiors as equals, the latter think it is because he is afraid of them. He is forced to be haughty, under pain of passing for a poltroon.

"These struggles are still more bitter, in countries where democracy is gaining upon aristocratic privileges. The triumph of the people becomes in such a case, akin to vengeance; and he who is obliged to yield, would not fall worthily, unless he kept all his aristocratic haughtiness.

"One does not find in the United States, either the hauteur of one class, or the wrath of the other.

"I do not mean to imply that the Americans are a polished people. The greater number have neither elegance nor distinction of manner; but their rudeness is never intentional. It does not spring from pride, but from a defective education. No one, therefore, is so little sensitive as an American; he never thinks an offence intentional.

"When the Frenchman is ill-mannered, it is because he chooses to be so; the American would always be polite if he knew how.

"I found, I must confess, a very great charm in these exhibitions of a perfect equality. It is so unpleasant in Europe, constantly to run the risk of classing oneself too high, or too low; of encountering disdain, or disappointing desire. Here, everyone is sure of the place that belongs to him: the social scale has but one degree—universal equality.

"There are, notwithstanding, rich and poor in the United States, but they are few in number, and, by the nature of the political institutions, the first have so much need of the second, that, if there exists a pre-eminence, one would hardly know on which side to find it. The rich man makes the poor one work in his manufactory, but then the poor man has a vote that the rich one stands in need of at election time.

"One thing is certain, that the masses, placed between the two extremes of rich and poor, model themselves rather upon the second, than upon the first.

"I remember to have seen Henry Clay, the redoubtable antagonist of General Jackson, for the Presidency, ride through the country with an old hat, and a ragged coat. He was paying his court to the people.

"Every Government has its freaks, and every sovereign his caprices. To please Louis XIV. it was requisite to be polite, even to ceremony; to please the Americans, one should be simple even to clownishness.

(To be continued.)

From the New Orleans Picayune.

LIFE AT THE SOUTH:

A LYNCHER'S OWN STORY.

BY T. M. FIELD.

"I never fight when angry, gentlemen."—JAMES BOWIE.

"I go in for reprisals, gentlemen—by the eternal heavens, reprisals! Seize on abolition property in New Orleans, Natchez—wherever found. Seize on the Yankee scoundrels themselves, and exchange them for our kidnapped slaves—*nigger* for *nigger*, by thunder!"

This violent speech, delivered with savage energy by a thin, wirey-looking man—one of a group collected around the stove in the "social hall" of a Mississippi steamboat—was received with a shout of applause by all assembled.

"Good, by gracious!" "That's the talk!" "You're a hoss, Judge!" &c. followed the explosion, like a rattle of small thunder, till an enormous figure, in a white hat and blanket coat—yet, withal, a good-looking man—arose slowly, stretched himself, and brushed back the thick hair from his broad forehead, and then, in quiet, yet evidently pleased accents, said, with a smile:

"Yes, Judge, that's the talk, I believe! Gentlemen, we'll take a little something."

There was a general demonstration as if to rise, when the barkeeper, who made one of the crowd, and who appeared to be singularly impressed with the new doctrine of "reprisals," begged the "Colonel" would keep his seat, and the "drinks" should be brought.

"Sit down, Colonel," cried the energetic Judge, emptying his mouth of a "chew," by way of preparation for "one more drink," and at the same time running his heels higher up the stove-pipe—"Sit down; this thing has got to be fixed between the North and South, and a little talk about it won't be lost."

All resumed their seats, the "drinks" were brought, and, by the spirit with which fresh cigars were lighted, it was evident that the subject had only got fairly under headway in the assembly. It was in the fall of 18—. During the preceding summer, a couple of slaves had been seduced, and finally wrested from their masters by Boston Abolitionists, and the numerous Southerners then at the North, filled with violent indignation, gave vent to the most furious threats and denunciations. It is not intended here to argue, or even comment upon the vexatious question of Slavery, but simply to sketch a few features and incidents of Southwestern character and adventure.

It was a cold and rainy night, the steamer plunged along amidst dense shadows, in which the unpractised eye could not even distinguish an outline; the main cabin was spanned with mattresses, and the persons around the stove, the last up, deserting some half hour previously a couple of card tables, and falling upon an exciting topic, now promised to make a night of it.

"Yes, gentlemen," resumed the fiery Judge, "it may seem like a desperate doctrine, but what except desperation is left us? The crisis must come! My slaves are my property, guarantied to me by the Constitution. If Massachusetts sanctions the seizure of our niggers, who shall cry shame on Louisiana, should she retort upon their ships?"

Another cheer of approval further stimulated the speaker, who rushed into a vehement relation of several other abolition outrages, which led to certain stories of Southern vengeance upon abolition agents; a sort of vindictive frenzy spread among the company; fresh drinks were called in; "Lynching" was a theme upon which all were eloquent, and well known cases of punishment under that summary code were repeated, commented and gloated on with a savage enjoyment which promised a rough fate for the next tract distributor who might be caught by any of the party.

During this time the Colonel, though evidently of kindred sentiments with the company, had preserved his equanimity; he smoked his cigar deliberately, listened to the different speakers with an assenting smile, or, may be, a "Just so, Doctor," or a "Quite correct, gentlemen;" but, finally, after relation of a retaliating capture and execution under horribly exciting circumstances, he, in mild tones, and with an aspect that indicated anything but ferocity, signified his intention to relate "a little circumstance" himself.

"I'm not a passionate man, gentlemen," said he, drawing up his legs slowly, and adjusting his vast bulk in the chair; "I'm rather a calm man, and apt to bear putting upon, rather, but I go in for Lynch law, some, for all that. I had a little case of my own with one of those abolition gentlemen once, and I acted up to the law fully—on my honor, I did, gentlemen. I am a family man, gentlemen—and a friend who comes to see me, or a stranger wishing to put up, if an honest-looking white man, always finds my house his home while in it. I keep servants to wait on them, purposely, I do, gentlemen, and treachery, under such circumstances, is a mean thing—it's not a white man's act, gentlemen."

An emphatic assent was expressed on all hands. "Well, I lost two boys, valuable servants, gentlemen, by entertaining wolves in sheep's clothing, and I determined that the next one who called should be punished some, and I didn't wait long, for, somehow, they had got the hang of my house, gentlemen, and took advantage of my temper. A very polite stranger, with his wife and 'dearborn,' came along; *he* had something, however, the matter with his eyes when I looked at him; and so I put my servant, Jake—a very good boy, gentlemen—a perfect WHITE MAN, and whom I never said a cross word to in my life—I put Jake to 'tend on them; and, sure enough, after I was in bed, back came the boy to say that the gentleman had offered to run him off! Well, I told Jake to go with him—first leaving word which way he was to travel, and then I went to sleep. In the morning, Jake's wife, a decent wench, gentlemen—a perfect lady—came to tell me all about the arrangement; so taking my overseer with me, I started after them."

"I should think so!" "Wake snakes!" "Go ahead, Judge." A dozen eager exclamations evinced the zest with which the climax of the story was expected. The narrator, however, proceeded with a *sang froid* that was inimitable.

"I had n't gone but a few miles, when back comes Jake, meeting me. The fox, gentlemen, had smelt a trap, and PUT, with his wife and wagon, leaving the boy to take care of himself. Of course, I did n't drop the matter, but followed up, and soon got on his trail. I tracked him back a good many miles from the river, but missed him near a lake which was back of our plantation, and lost a good deal of time. Towards afternoon, returning by another road towards the river, between the *bayou* and Dr. Boll's new clearing, I heard voices, and in a minute, drove right up to a crowd of neighbors, who had got my visiter, his wife, and his 'dearborn,' right in the middle of them! The fact is, gentlemen, one or two of them had got notice that there were wolves about, and were on the lookout for varmint as my acquaintance drove in among them."

"Ha! ha! ha!" A general chuckle of delight was succeeded by a grin of anticipation,

"I found my friend, gentlemen, talking right and left, like a lawyer, making everything straight and agreeable, when suddenly he caught sight of me, at the next moment of Jake; and, gentlemen, if ever man gave up the ghost before the breath was out of him, it was that fellow: his eyes glazed, a dark circle settled round them, while his lower lip, blue, and quivering, as the blood left it, after making an effort, as it were, to recall the relaxed jaw to its duty, finally fell with it; and there the man sat, staring at me, motionless, with the exception of his throat, which worked spasmodically in the effort to supply itself with moisture from the parched mouth.

"Gentlemen, he was the picture of a small rascal caught in a full snap! I first blushed that he was a white man, and then next that he was an American!"

"American h—!" interrupted one of the pilots of the boat, who, perched upon a pile of trunks, had hitherto said nothing; "he was a d—— *Yankee*, that's what he was!" This distinction was recognized with great applause, of course. The "Colonel" resumed:

"There was just about a tolerable court on the spot, gentlemen, and it was agreed to try the fellow right thar. There was evidence besides mine, for one man had followed him up along the plantations for twenty miles: but yet the woman kinder stood between him and his due, and I thought I would question her too. She was young, gentlemen, with a simple look—had evidently neither the heart nor the wit of a woman about her, and at my first question—something put it into my head—'Are you *married* to this man?' she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. I had him taken away at once, and out it all came—with no thought of injuring her companion though; it was the simple impulse to relieve a timid mind by confession. She was not his wife, gentlemen. She had taught school in Tennessee, where this man saw her, and first persuading her to aid him in the circulation of abolition tracts, finally seduced, and carried her to New Orleans, where, growing more bold as he extended his acquaintance with the country, he had made another arrangement with the 'Society'—one of greater profit as of greater risk—namely, to 'run off negroes from the plantations along the coast.' Gentlemen, this is a mighty long story.—Barkeeper——"

"Oh, go, no! Go ahead Colonel." Drinks at the moment were declined, but the shorter operation of taking a fresh "chew" was indulged in, by way of filling up the pause.

"I had another question to ask the woman. 'Do you love this man?' said I. The poor creature wept worse than ever, gentlemen! she said her only desire was to go to some friends in Illinois, where she hoped to be welcome, and to get along more wisely. 'He abuses you, then,' said I. 'Oh,' said she, 'I would n't mind that, if I thought he would n't *kill* me.' In short, as I hope to live a mild and considerate citizen, gentlemen, that livid, cowardly scoundrel, had, during my pursuit of him, after threatening his victim—now his burden—till she was nearly lifeless, actually attempted to *drown her in the swamp!* I need n't tell you, gentlemen, how unanimous was the verdict in this case; the woman, for whom we subsequently made up a subscription, was moved off towards the nearest house: the man—a mighty small figure, anyhow—shrunk to half his natural size; discolored, as if the last corrupting change had anticipated the grave; his arms bound behind his back—and shivering on the ground, too spent to exhibit a spasm—with the rein which he had lately held in his hand, buckled around his neck for a halter; like a thing too abject even to hang—awaited the selection of a crotch for him to swing from."

It may be supposed that the picture, the horrid features of which were thus in detail described, had gradually excited the phlegmatic limner. Not at all! His sentences, swelled, not from the mere impetuous gathering of ideas, but, as it seemed, from a good-natured desire to make the story as interesting as possible to his hearers! while it in no respect exhibited nervelessness, there was not a flash of passion during the whole narration. This was not the case with the hearers, though. The eye of the "Judge" seemed bursting from his head in eager expectation, while the "chewing" operation on his part, was for a moment, suspended; others were like him; a few again, by an eager but painful contraction of the brows, betrayed a softer nature—at any rate, more sensitive nerves.

"Yes, gentlemen, there was a moment's delay in choosing a limb; in the meantime, by way of hanging the culprit with a little life in him, some one had given him a mouthful of whisky, when, recovering his tongue, he began to beg; from begging, gentlemen, he got to screaming; blood actually trickled from his straining eyes, and it was getting unpleasant,—no dignity about it! an idea struck me! I just climbed up, hand over hand, a pretty stout sapling close by me; I'm a heavy man, gentlemen, and, as I mounted, over the young tree came with me—bent like a fishing-rod——"

There was a breathless silence in the company; an enormous "roach," peeping from a crack in the panelling, could hardly have crossed without being heard, while each eye was riveted horribly upon the speaker.

"The culprit, gentlemen, took the idea sooner than any of the others, and his shrieks and ravings were dreadful—really dreadful! Another climbed after me, and, with the added weight, down we both came, half hid amongst the light boughs of the top, and the loose end of the rein was made fast in a second. '*One instant, for God's sake! I've got children! For the sake of my soul!*'—half uttered scream, gentlemen, mingled with the rush of the boughs, as we dropped to the ground, and the nigger thief, with a jerk that *snapped his neck*, flew into the air, describing the half circle as spanned by his halter, and swinging back to us again from the other side!"

A long breath was drawn by the whole company. The "Judge" was the first to break the succeeding pause:

"Well that *was* an idea! We'll drink on that, gentlemen, by thunder!"

All moved to the bar—some two or three silently, the others as to the mere change of enjoyment! "Colonel," cried the Judge, "name your liquor—that *was* an idea!"

"Yes!" exclaimed another, with no less enthusiasm, "a first-rate idea!"

"A splendid idea!" "A glorious idea!" was the general chorus.

"Yes, gentlemen," complacently observed the giant, as he raised his glass, "I think, myself, that it *was* a *sweet* idea!"

CIRCULAR.

It is proposed to publish, in *monthly numbers*, a work entitled "THE KOSMIAN," containing a series of Letters, written from the United States, by *Ahmed El Korah*, to his friend in Algiers, translated from the original Showiah, by the author, and edited by FRANCES H. GREEN.

Ahmed's Letters virtually contain a *History of the Anti-Slavery movement* in this country, embracing a period of about twenty years: and they not only show the history of the times, but they illustrate the spiritual progress of the individual. Many interesting subjects are discussed in the course of the correspondence, such as the *Condition of Seamen—of the Southern Slaves—of Northern Laborers—of the Industrial classes of Women*—and of *Domestic Servants—Party Spirit—Treatment of the Indians*—and *Cruelty to Animals*—with a particular account of all the great *Mobs, Riots*, and *other breaches of Law*, which illustrate the pro-slavery spirit, and mark the progress of the Anti-Slavery enterprise.

The author has no party bias, whatever. He speaks as if under a peremptory obligation to utter *the truth*—being restrained by no bonds, whether sectarian or political. He utters his thoughts in the free out-pouring and confidence of bosom friendship; and we know that he is moved by a strong love of liberty—and of the race. *His party is Humanity—his platform the wide world.*

The Editor respectfully solicits encouragement in her arduous undertaking, trusting that the *Friends of Freedom* universally will promptly second her efforts; which nothing but *the hope of doing good*, could have suggested, or would sustain.

"THE KOSMIAN" will be published in numbers, of 32 pages each, octavo size, printed in fair type, on good paper, stitched together, and issued *monthly*, at the price of $1,00 a year, *payable on the reception of the third number.* Persons procuring five names, shall be entitled to six copies.

It is hoped that the friends to whom this Circular may be sent, will be regardful of its claims, and procure as many names as possible. They will please forward them to the subscriber, on or before the first of January next. The work will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

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JONATHAN LAMBORN,
LEWIS LAMBORN.

Kennett Square, Oct. 9, 1845.—3m.

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We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS,
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